

THE ART-UNION.

PAINTING
SCULPTURE
ENGRAVING
ARCHITECTURE
&c. &c. &c.



EXHIBITIONS
FOREIGN ART
PUBLICATIONS
PROGRESS OF ART
&c. &c. &c.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS.

No. 22.

LONDON: NOVEMBER 15, 1840.

PRICE 8d.

THIS JOURNAL BEING STAMPED, CIRCULATES, POSTAGE FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

PUBLIC STATUES.

In our introductory article on this important subject in the seventeenth number, we said that the public statues of the Greeks were made in a poetic, those of the Romans in a martial, and those of the British in a sordid, spirit; and we complained that the Government of this country left the celebration of the eminent men of the land to the caprice of private, and the presumption of public committees. Let all who question the truth of this look at the antique statues which have found their way to England from Greece and Italy; let them consider their poetic elegance and grave simplicity, their classic propriety of costume and their god-like elevation of look, and then examine the public statues of Britain, pedestrian and equestrian too, and decide which reaches highest into the upper air of thought, and whether the sordid and bargaining spirit of our nation is not visibly stamped on our works. Have our public statues, one and all, a high poetic and refined spirit running through them like those of antiquity? have they dignity, simplicity, and loftiness of sentiment? Are they true to the character of the people in its higher moods? are they true even to national costume; or better still to the costume of classic propriety? Could not the youngest student in the poetic schools of Greece have put more dignity and beauty into his heads? could not the youngest tailor on the shopboard of Stultz instruct us in a more artist-like costume? and could not Crispin's humblest journeyman help us to shoes and boots which seem at least to hold human feet? Are not our eminent men, to whom we wish to do honour, insulted by the monuments which we raise to their memories? Who will find eloquence in the Canning of Palace-yard; dignity in the Third George at Charing-cross; or heroic fortitude in the Lord Heathfield of St. Paul's?

There are three leading classes of public monuments:—1. Pedestrian Statues; 2. Equestrian Statues; 3. Columns or Pillars. Our pedestrian statues are numerous, and scattered over the chief cities of the empire: though some of them approach the calm poetic elevation of the antique, they are generally either mean and humble transcripts of literal life, with all its accidents, and warts, and moles; or attempts to poetise and raise the subject into the regions of the historical, by artists who are without poetry in their souls, and produce only affectation and extravagance—action without dignity, and violence without sentiment. The finest of our public statues is, perhaps, that of

Newton, by Roubiliac: he is represented with the prism in his hand, looking upwards to the great source of light. The statue of Johnson, in St. Paul's, by the elder Bacon, ranks next in merit: it has a sort of surly dignity which is very striking. Howard, its companion statue, though more praised, is less to our taste, and inclines too much to the common and the literal. The fine genius of Flaxman was unfit for the portrait character which belongs to our public statues, yet his statue of Lord Mansfield is a masterpiece of tranquil dignity. The best pedestrian statues by Chantrey are Grattan, Canning, and Pitt—the latter is a very stately work. There are many others which serve to swell the rank and file of pedestrian statues, and fill up the catalogue of those men whom art has been called on to honour; but it would serve no purpose to name them, or estimate what cities they encumber: we have named only the masterpieces of art—statues which seem to approach the antique.

Equestrian statues are not numerous in Britain: as purple in Rome belonged only to emperors, so horses in London belong only to princes; and as it was treasonable there to assume the purple, it was no less so here for a subject to dare, in bronze at least, to lay his leg over the other. This singular law of etiquette, it is said, startled William the Fourth when his permission was requested for the Duke of Wellington to ride in bronze; he smiled as he consented to this intrusion upon the law of court decorum. This limitation did not, it would appear, extend either to marble or to canvass. There are many pictures of English warriors on horseback, and some statues of men who are not of royal blood. Among the latter we may mention Sir Ralph Abercromby, by Westmacott, in St. Paul's, and Lord Hopetown, in Edinburgh; but the one is falling mortally wounded from his horse, and the other is standing by the steed he intends to mount, and are therefore not, perhaps, considered as trespassing upon the rights of royalty.

One of the oldest of our equestrian statues is that of Charles the First, at Charing-cross, and it is, perhaps, though not excellent, still the best for attitude and action. The horse is too much allied to the heavy Flanders breed, and may be charged with being large for the rider; but the rider sits with ease and grace. The whole group, together with the pedestal, which is beautiful in form, and of exquisite proportions, forms one of the finest public monuments in London. Charles the Second, in the Parliament-house, Edinburgh, is the conception of an inferior mind; it is composed too of base metal,

and the monarch is sinking through the horse; his features are repulsively coarse; and the whole statue is not refined enough for the Stuart line. In Glasgow there is an equestrian statue of another king, but of the same stamp as that in Edinburgh, this is William the Third. How a statue of the murderer of Glencoe was allowed to be set up so near the fiery Highlanders we cannot conjecture; and why the memory of the prince, who ruined the mercantile hopes of Scotland, was permitted to stand at the doors of the merchants of Glasgow, it is now needless to inquire; but it is not improbable that the Roman toga and the sandals concealed him, and that he may be considered to have escaped from public indignation in disguise. No one proposed, that we know of, to put Queen Anne on horseback, nor yet her great General; some, indeed, proposed to impeach Marlborough by way of return for his victories; but the spirit for public statues quickened again, when the line of Hanover came to the throne. Those of the Duke of Cumberland and George the Third are equestrian; but the merits of neither are so remarkable as to place them among high works of art. The Duke of Cumberland was executed, it is little matter by whom; for the trees and shrubs of the square where it is placed, are grown so closely about that it might as well be in a packing-case. All that is necessary to observe is, that it is gilt with gold instead of being coloured with bronze; and this, like polish or gloss on marble, serves to keep it clean, which is difficult to do in the grim coal smoke of London.

Yet the public statues of George the Third require to be more than merely named, for one of them at least is of more than common pretension; and both have been introduced to public notice through the applauses and criticisms of the press. The first is the largest equestrian work in England; measures, horse and man, about twenty feet high, and stands on an artificial rock—symbolical of the constitution—at the upper end of the King's-walk in Windsor Park: the likeness is good, but may be accused of being deficient in dignity; the other statue stands near Charing-cross, and comes from another hand; its history is curious.

To honour the domestic worth and unobtrusive piety of George the Third, seemed, in the sight of many, to require something more lofty and poetic than an ordinary statue. To exhaust or excite a large subscription, Wyatt, the sculptor, was called on to exercise his classic invention, and produce something which should recall the palmy days of Greece and Rome. The design was, we remember, announced, both by

printing and engraving; and the public were informed, that the best way to rival antiquity was to put George the Third in a triumphal car, and give him four horses to drive in the manner of the Cæsars of old. Now the people of London are not at all of a classic turn; they knew nought of the practice of the Cæsars, and they had never seen their king in a Roman dress crowned with laurel,

Meed of mighty conquerors,

and driving four-in-hand in an antique chariot; so they buttoned their pockets, and refrained from laying out their money on conceptions beyond their comprehension. But the subscribers, whose money was already down, and who were believers in the classic talents of the sculptor, since they could not get all, resolved to have a part, of what they admired; one of the wild steeds was accordingly unyoked from the chariot, his Majesty was put astride on its back, and, after some remonstrances at law, the work was set up at Charing-cross, and there it still stands.

The chief defect in this statue is the want of understanding between the rider and his horse: the former is a literal copy, it is said, of his Majesty, from the tye of his close wig to the sole of his foot; nor has the artist endeavoured, as he should, to bring the face more within the rules of science, maintaining still the character of the original. The horse, on the other hand, is as startling and wild as that of Mazeppa, and seems uneasy at having such a motionless burthen on its back: in truth, the rider is very sober, and the horse seems very drunk. The artist, it appears, was less to blame for this want of harmony, than was one of the active members of the Committee of Management, who, when the tide of public opinion flowed against the work, declared that it was by his counsel that George the Third was treated in that literal way; but the praise withheld from the rider was bestowed by the same authority on the horse; it was declared to be the finest of all works since the days of Phidias. We cannot go that length by at least a furlong; but we can have no hesitation in saying, that the main fault of the work was caused by this interposition of the committee; for, if the sculptor had treated the king as he did his horse, we should have had an equestrian group in better unity. We have heard, indeed, that this horse was modelled to carry St. George in his battle with the dragon, and that the sculptor wished to have it placed in Windsor Castle. St. George would have taken the devil sufficiently out of the horse for his Majesty's riding, and this, perhaps, accounts for this untameable steed.

By a very different process and by very different hands was that bronze statue produced, which stands beside Apsley House: it was the fruit of a subscription among the ladies of Britain, and deserves to be classed among equestrians no further than that the original statue from which this is a cast, has a horse by the head, and is trying to hold him. This, perhaps, was considered symbolical of Wellington curbing the headstrong Napoleon; but the sculptor withdrew the hand from the bridle, turned the horse adrift, and putting a shield in the left hand of the statue, and bidding the public imagine a sword in his right, hoped the figure would be received as an allegory of British fortitude and courage. We know not how it has been received by the public, or how much it tells of the story of "Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions his arms," in whose honour it is erected; but we feel that it is unjust to ancient art to make its works relate modern history; and we also feel, that whoever caused it to be placed so near the ground, know little of the nature of bronze sculpture, which is but

beautiful in outline, and can only be seen by lifting a statue into the air and showing its shape against a clear sky, unencumbered by houses or trees. But in adapting the statue to his purpose, the sculptor committed a serious fault: imagining, we believe, that its limbs would not of themselves be strong enough for its support, he added the body armour to one leg, and allowed part of the robe to flow down to strengthen the other; this addition was not only unrequired, but it, as any one will see who looks, injures the fine outline of the statue, and makes it look like a man in wide trunk hose. We would advise Sir Richard Westmacott, who made the cast, to lift it at once fifty feet into the air and allow the world to see its classic and heroic beauty.

Pillars and Columns have come of late into fashion: they have the merit of being seen at a vast distance; and, as they are but masonry, of being raised at small expense, we think they are capable of being rendered an ornament to the land, and an elegant testimony to departed greatness. In this light we look at many of the pillars which have been raised on the sea coast to Nelson and other heroes of water and of land: these, like bronze statues, should be of a beautiful form; for who can travel among the wild mountains or climb the rocky shores in quest of a closer view of objects best contemplated at a distance. Columns, embellished like that splendid one of Trajan, seem not to have been dreamed of here: it is very lofty; a bas-relief representation of the great warrior's deeds begins at the base, relating his victories in Europe and Asia, and terminates with a lofty statue of the man—forming a noble and instructive object; and one which has been followed, but at a distance, in the column of Napoleon—a ruler whose mind teemed with magnificent designs. The pillar which commemorates the great fire of London tells its story and fulfils its purpose better than any other which refrains from asking help from sculpture. The flame at the summit requires no explanation, whereas a column, such as that raised to the Duke of York, only intimates, from the too minute statue on the top, that it is in honour of some one. The statue should have been at that height double the size, and not only picturesque but characteristic: at present strangers have to inquire the name; and when that is told, they are unable to recognise the likeness. Columns and pillars to embellish cities require the help of the sculptor's skill to enable them to perform their duties: a bare pillar may do well at a distance, but one which stands among palaces and squares demands sculpture as an interpreter of its meaning; of itself, architecture cannot speak in a way which the multitude can understand, its language is of the unknown tongues. Besides, works which come close to the public eye must present something more attractive than a vast elevation of naked wall: in this respect we regard as a great error the proposal to reproduce the Parthenon of Athens in Edinburgh, stone denuded of its poetic statues, and the groups in its pediments and its historical friezes. We are not sure that a column in the form and spirit of those of Trajan or Antonine, would make the impression on the world which might be expected. The original gloss of novelty is gone; at the best it could be but a copy. We like better the notion of Flaxman to cut Greenwich-hill into a statue to the honour of Nelson. The statues, thirty-six feet high, of the Duke of Sutherland, placed with their pillars on hills which overlook the rich vales of the south and the cold seas of the north, are much to our taste.

There are, as we have said, few statues of a public nature in this land of a high order of art: this we have attributed to the sordid and bargaining spirit of the nation at large. There are other causes which help to keep the poetic

genius of artists down, which we shall describe at some length. We have already alluded to the patronising airs of committees, and to the influence which they exercise over the conceptions of art. All committees, whether appointed by Government or appointed by themselves, or, as is often the case, by a large body of subscribers, set out in their labours with the assumption that they are men of fine taste in art: that they are first-rate judges of the article; and that they not only know a noble and poetic statue when they see it, ready made, but can imagine one, and see in fancy a six-inch sketch expanded into a twelve foot figure, just and elegant in all its proportions, and breathing through all its members the character and conduct of the individual whom it represents. Full of this lofty notion of their own taste, the acting members of the committee, proceed to work: they call for designs, they require them to be ready by a certain day; and on that day the members meet, and with these sketches before them proceed to judgment. Now, corn may be examined by sample, cloth by the remnant, and the materials which compose a house may be represented by a brick, but we aver, that no work of art can be truly judged by a specimen sketch: it may be said, and said truly, that we may pronounce an able artist to be capable of expanding his sketch into heroic or classical proportions, and making from it a high work of art; but this is not the question: few eminent sculptors in the first place enter into competition. We think they are wrong, for their talents belong to the nation, and they have scarcely a right to withhold them; so the contest lies between those nameless and all but unknown men of genius who are struggling into notice. The committee have, in such a case as this, to pronounce on the merits of men, who have done little or nothing to prove their merit, and in fact, prophesy, as it were, of a candidate's future eminence; and give him the work, that their prophesy may have a chance of being fulfilled.

Some committees act with wisdom, and as this is rare we shall not pass it unnoticed. Distrusting their own judgment they reflect that a great national trust is reposed in them, and that an indifferent work of art would be a reproach to their own character, and a disgrace to the individual whom they are appointed to honour; they choose an artist, therefore, whose works and fame are an assurance that he will labour with skill and success in the cause: some of our best statues—among them Chantrey's Sir Thomas Munro, and the same artist's Pitt—have been produced in this way. The committees, we hear, placed full confidence in the labours of the sculptor; and the results tell how well that confidence has been rewarded. We never saw a self-sufficient presumptuous committee obtain a fine work of art yet: the reason is plain—they refuse to allow full swing to the genius of the artist. One is of opinion that a little more action would improve the design and a little more vigour of muscle. A second approves of this, but holds that the costume should be Grecian; for how can it be classical without that, and what is classical is always pure and refined. A third defines what the other calls classic to be pedantic, and is for the statue dressed as the person was in life, who always went with his coat buttoned, wore buckles in his shoes, and a tie wig. A fourth differs from all, and declares that the poetic is the thing—the totally naked, the only beautiful and proper, and that portraiture is destructive of true grandeur. A fifth gives his vote for an allegorical representation of the matter; while a sixth desires he knows not what—only the design, he thinks, won't do as it is. Amid this general melée of opinion, no one ever considers whether the changes proposed are in the spirit of the design, or whether they are in character with the subject; and the artist—not grown up

to man's estate in fame—is treated by those dictators as clay is in the hands of the potter, and must work to their notions not his own.

This is no caricature of the proceedings of a committee, but an almost literal report of what has really happened. We may see from this how little chance art has of working in its own way; and how much of the deficiency of true genius in our public works is attributable to the ignorance and presumption of the patrons, not the professors of art.

There were lately four committees, two in England and two in Scotland, sitting and deliberating on four different monuments, dedicated to the genius of three of the most remarkable men of our time: in Edinburgh, in commemoration of Scott; in Glasgow, in honour of Wellington; and in London, in honour of Nelson and Wellington, in separate, not united, works. These committees were composed of noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants—of some who loved literature, of some who loved heroic deeds; while all regarded themselves as men of discernment and taste in art. But those who know how such committees are constituted, need not be told that at least a third of the members are like the Pliable of honest Bunyan, quiet, tractable men, who are moved by the wind of every opinion, and ever ready to vote with the party most noisy or most numerous; that another third are noblemen who seldom condescend to attend, and seldom humble themselves to speak; and who, in truth, only lend their names to embellish the matter, leaving to the remaining third the duty of eating the dinners, drinking the wine, and disposing of the money subscribed according to their own taste, or interest, or partiality. From this latter portion what has the public to look for but decisions hostile to true taste, and which, in the result, cannot but be injurious to the honour of art and the genius of the country.

The Wellington Committee of London sprang out of the Wellington Committee of the City of London. When it was proposed for the first time to bestow the statue for the City on the sculptor of the Charing-cross George the Third, some of the members were indignant, and proposed to give the statue to Chantry as the abler artist, and in this they succeeded. The other portion of the committee, who had desired to vote it quietly to Wyatt, were uneasy at this, and being men of rank and influence, set a-foot another subscription for a second Wellington statue, saying that the other was only for the City of London, but this was for the empire at large; and naming a committee unusually weighty with titled names, and publishing addresses calling on all who loved their country for support, they succeeded in obtaining money to the amount of £20,000 pounds and more. The sculptor for whom the leading men of the committee wrought had not yet been named: the time for announcing him approached; the acting men met, and then it was announced that Wyatt was the artist. Many of the noblemen, and some of the gentlemen of the committee, were startled at this: they said that they had not been present, nor even consulted, and had no idea of giving a work of such importance to the sculptor of the George the Third. They called meetings; they printed protests; and they made speeches, angry and argumentative; but at last time, that great soothe of excitement, smoothed their rugged brows and silenced their complaints; and now the sculptor of the George the Third is at work on the West-end Wellington. We wish him success and fame, for he deserves both, were it but for the skill and the tact with which he has fought and won this great battle against such odds.

The committee of the Nelson Monument, warned by the outcry about the Wellington Memorial matter, resolved to act a fair and

patriotic part; they called for original designs from all the artists of Britain, and promised to each a fair examination, and to the nation, whom they requested to subscribe, a wise and sagacious choice. Original designs were required, and of this quality in many there could be little doubt: some appeared in the shape of maritime riddles; some were in their nature allegorical; lions, sea-horses, Neptunes, Tritons, and water-nymphs abounded. There was a wonderful want of originality; little or no imagination or of that tranquil dignity which such works demand. But the committee judged as much amiss as the artists wrought. We have said that they desired original designs; they passed by what was really original, and decided on having a Corinthian column, a design which was original about three thousand years ago, and not later. Of these two committees, we think the Wellington one acted the best—but they both acted!

It is with pain that we speak of the committee of the Scott monument of Edinburgh; they promised well and performed ill. Instead of laying out the little which they raised upon a column or a statue, they resolved to have both; and they will now get neither rightly. They were offered a statue, we have been told, from the chisel of the first sculptor of portrait statues in Europe, more out of personal love and admiration of Scott than from any other feeling; they refused it, and gave this part of the commission to an artist who has yet to prove by his works that he can make a statue. We mean no disrespect to the young sculptor, of whose talents we think well, but only to show the hop-step-and-leap venture which the committee has dared to make in an attempt to honour the noblest and most varied intellect that Scotland ever produced. Of the architectural part of the design, which is an Eleanor's Cross sort of composition we hear, we have nothing to say.

The committee of the Glasgow Wellington statue patriotically declined receiving subscriptions from a distance; and resolved that the Queen of the West should share in her coming honours with no one. We are not sure that the same spirit prevailed when they applied to foreign as well as native sculptors; but with this we shall not be very angry; we regard it as one of those will-o'-wisp freaks peculiar to committees, and have only to wish them success in an experiment which promises to irritate the British artist to whom this commission naturally belongs, without obtaining the best skill of the sculptors of France or Germany, Italy or Denmark.

From what we have said it seems plain, that from committees, either public or private, we need not expect any national statues which will be a lasting honour to art or to the country, till they learn to decide with more wisdom, and select with better taste; till they learn to think with humility of their own sense of the noble and the heroic, and place more confidence in the talents of the artists. A true and elevated taste in art is but in the dawn with us, and cannot rise so high as to be a passion and an inspiration, till the nation has received its education in painting and sculpture, and the multitude welcome a new statue or a new picture with acclamations as they received Wellington when he returned from Waterloo, or Scott when he appeared in London. We must, we fear, see many indifferent pictures and many unheroic statues before this consummation comes; but we do not despair of it; that and other changes for the better are coming; we see their halo as we see that forerunner glimmer which announces the sun.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. JOHN THOMSON, MINISTER OF DUDDINGTON.

In recording the death of the Rev. John Thomson, which took place at the Manse of Duddingston, on the 27th of October last, it is our painful duty to express a fear that that event has caused such a blank as will not easily be filled up in the bright galaxy of Landscape Painters, for which the British school is at present pre-eminently remarkable. Of Mr. Thomson's genius and power as an artist it cannot be necessary for us to say much in commendation; his works are too numerous as well as too widely distributed and appreciated, to receive either an increase of estimation, or a much extended field of admiration, from any notice it is in our power to bestow; still, we cannot refrain from saying, that in all which constitutes the epic in landscape, he was nearly unrivalled, if not altogether unapproached by his contemporaries. To a bold and vigorous execution, he added the most delicate perception, and the most lively exhibition of natural sentiment, by which he carried the mind as well as the eye of the enlightened spectator captive at his will. His pictures were, in some instances, no doubt, esteemed "as caviare" by the multitude of exhibition hunters, whose taste generally can go little beyond admiring the portrait of a favourite spaniel, or liping their silly laudations of "Lovely bit of Landscape," as it is called; to such his pictures were not addressed, being composed on principles as much beyond such a comprehension, as the boldness and breadth of their execution exceeded the minute and laborious trifles suited to its capacity. The subjects of his delight were to be found in the grandeur and the sublimity of Nature, and with such he enjoyed the felicity of rarest sympathy; he appreciated the sentiment of his subject with the true feeling of a poet, and gave being to the combination with the facility and enthusiasm of an artist.

Mr. Thomson was an early pupil and an abiding friend of the late Mr. Alex. Nasmyth, whose demise he has not long survived; his style, however, was as remote as possible from that of his master, being marked chiefly by great power and breadth of general effect, and the embodiment of a sentiment suitable to the scene, from which he suffered no consideration ever to divert his attention; hence his works bear incontestible evidence of a preconceived and well-digested design, which has left nothing to accident.

Of his character as a man and a Christian minister, it is not enough to state that it was altogether irreproachable; it is barely justice to say, that to manners kind, affable, and inoffensive, he joined the practice of warm and generous benevolence; the feeling of pure and disinterested friendship, with a simplicity of character and demeanour, which made him beloved by all who came in contact with him. To his eminent talents as a painter he also superadded, in no mean degree, the skill of a musician; in the cultivation of which he took much delight, and the practice of which afforded him pleasure of an elevated and refining character. He was the fourth and youngest son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, Minister of Dailly, in Ayrshire, in which place he was born on the 1st of September, 1778; he succeeded his father, and was ordained minister of Dailly in 1800, and was translated to the pastoral charge of the parish of Duddingston, near Edinburgh, in the year 1805, since which time he has continued constantly to reside in that delightful locality; so congenial to his avocations, so suited to his taste; till the period of his death. In his earliest years, he exhibited a strong predilection for Art, which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, until, from a charming amateur and dilettante painter, he became the boast and ornament of the Landscape School of his native country, if not of the British Empire. Not being professionally an artist, he, of course, was not eligible for a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, but was early admitted as an honorary member, in which capacity he continued to shed a lustre on that body till the day of his death, his works continuing to adorn the walls of the Academy Exhibitions to the last.

In the peaceful retirement of the scene of his ministerial labours, his life was spent in contentment and repose; and the calm, unchequered day of his existence was shrouded in the pall of death amidst the scenes which he admired, and in the arms of those he loved. His health, which had for some months been declining, was, at length, shattered and destroyed by a stroke of apoplexy, which carried him off in the fulness of years, and the zenith of his fame.

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL'S ILLUSTRATED WORK ON "IRELAND."

Having borrowed two or three of the woodcuts which illustrate this publication, our readers will not we trust complain of their introduction. They are excellent examples of the art, and very happily explain the peculiarities of the country, which Mr. and Mrs. Hall have undertaken to describe—their name is indeed already so closely associated with Ireland, that the public will be prepared to expect a work of no ordinary interest and value. The first part is published: it is prefaced by an advertisement which states that

"They have undertaken the task with a full consciousness of the difficulties they will have to encounter—difficulties that can be partially overcome only by a fixed determination in no instance to consult the wishes or intentions of any party; and a firm adherence to that honesty of purpose which can alone create confidence and produce success. Their great object is to promote the welfare of Ireland—but not by a sacrifice of truth; and their earnest hope is, that they may give effect to the care and consideration recently manifested by England towards Ireland, which cannot fail to increase the prosperity and happiness of both countries—their interests being mutual and inseparable."

They have, it appears, made in Ireland, together, five several Tours; the general results of which they are about to give in this publication.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall write in very strong terms in reference to the improvements they notice in the character and condition of the Irish peasantry, within the last two or three years; improvements which they attribute chiefly to the temperance movement, at the head of which is a Roman Catholic Priest—the Very Rev. Theobald Mathew; of whose progress a striking history is given; the object of the authors being to remove the erroneous impressions on the matter that still largely exist in England. This subject, some account of Cork, and a full description of the Irish beggars, make up the first part of the work, which, as we have already stated is to be continued monthly.

It is not, however, our intention to do more than introduce a few of the illustrations; and to extract one of the stories it contains. Mrs. Hall has been a frequent contributor to "The Art-Union;" and there may be other reasons why we desire to recommend this publication to our readers; which we have no doubt they will permit us to do. Among the specimens from which we are enabled to select, we shall first copy the very singular monastic remains at Monasterboice—containing the ruins of an ancient church, the gigantic cross, elaborately carved, so frequently met with in Ireland, and "the Round Tower," peculiar to the country.—(Cut, No. 1.)

The design of the work is to describe all matters that may be treated as more particularly Irish; and the authors remark that

The Legends and Traditions of Ireland are full of interest; and its superstitions are rich in romance. It is, indeed, rare to pass a single mile, without encountering an object to which some marvellous fiction is attached. Every lake, mountain, ruin of church or castle, rath and boreen, has its legendary tale; the Fairies people every wild spot; the Banshee is the follower of every old family; Phookas and Cluricaunes are—if not to be seen, to be heard of, in every solitary glen. These stories they will collect in their way; and not as glenners merely; for the harvest, notwithstanding that so many labourers have been in the field, is, even now, but partially gathered in. The example given is the story of O'Donoghue of Killarney, of which Mr. Herbert has supplied the appended illustration. The chieftain is said to ascend from his home beneath the lake, every May morning; and fortunate are they who see him gliding over the waters, on his milk-white steed, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, attended by youths and maidens, who scatter delicious spring flowers in his path.—(Cut, No. 2.)

From another division of the work, we also borrow a specimen.

The Manners and Customs of the Irish will also afford ample scope from which to draw both entertainment and information. . . . Take, for instance, the sketch Mr. Maclean has made of a scene of boisterous merriment at an Irish Fair.—(Cut, No. 3.)



(No. 1.)



(No. 2.)



(No. 3.)

From the sketches of "Irish Beggars," we shall take the series of illustrative portraits as well as some of the descriptive matter.

Unhappily, the first peculiarity that strikes a stranger on landing here, or, indeed, in any part of Ireland, is the multiplicity of beggars. Their wit and humour are as proverbial as their rags and wretchedness; and both too frequently excite a laugh, at the cost of serious reflection upon their misery and the means by which it may be lessened. Every town is full of objects, who parade their afflictions with ostentation, or exhibit their half-naked children, as so many claims to alms as a right. Age, decrepitude, imbecility, and disease, surround the car the moment it stops, or block up the shop-doors, so as, for a time, effectually to prevent either entrance or exit. In the small town of Macroom, about which we walked one evening, desiring to examine it undisturbed, we had refused, in positive terms, to relieve any applicant; promising, however, the next morning, to bestow a half-penny each, upon all who might ask it. The news spread, and no beggars intruded themselves on our notice for that night. Next day, it cost us exactly three shillings and tenpence to redeem the pledge we had given; no fewer than ninety-two having assembled at the Inn gate. We encountered them, nearly in the same proportion, in every down through which we passed.

It is vain to plead inability to relieve them; if you have no halfpence the answer is ready, "Ah, but we'll divide a little sistance between us," and then comes the squabble as to which of the group shall be made agent for the rest. Every imaginable mode of obtaining a gratuity is resorted to; distorted limbs are exposed, rags are studiously displayed, and, almost invariably, a half-idiot, with his frightful glare and paralytic voice, is foremost among them. The language in which they frame their petitions is always pointed, forcible, and, generally, highly poetic:—"Good luck to yer ladyship's happy face this mornin'—sure ye'll lave the light heart in my bosom before ye go?"—"Oh, then, look at the poor that can't look at you, my lady; the dark man that can't see if yer beauty is like yer sweet voice?"—"Darling gentleman, the heavens be yer bed, and give us something?"—"Oh, the blessing of the widdy and five small children, that's waiting for yer honour's bounty, 'ill be wid ye on the road."—"Oh, help the poor craythur that's got no childre to show yer honour—they're down in the sickness, and the man that owns them at sea?"—"Oh, then, won't yer ladyship buy a dying woman's prayers—chape?"—"They're keeping me back from the penny you're going to give me, lady dear, because I'm wake in myself and the heart's broke wid the hunger." Such are a few of the sentences we gathered from the groups; we might fill pages with similar examples of ingenious and eloquent appeals. There is no exaggeration in the striking but melancholy scene the artist has portrayed.

A beggar, on receiving a refusal from a Poor Law Commissioner, addressed him with "Ah, then; it's little business you'd have only for the likes of us;" another, vainly soliciting charity from a gentleman with red hair, thrust forward her child, with "And won't ye give a ha'penny to the little boy?—sure he's foy like yer honour." "You've lost all your teeth," was said to one of them—"Time for me to lose 'em when I'd nothing for 'em to do," was the reply. Some time ago, we were travelling in a stage-coach, and at Naas, where it had been said "the native beggars double the population of the town," a person inside told a troublesome and persevering applicant, very coarsely, to go to—The woman turned up her eyes, and said, with inimitable humour, "Ah, then it's a long journey yer honour's sending us; may be yer honour 'll give us something to pay our expenses." We saw, in Waterford, a gentleman angrily repulse a beggar, with a call to his servant to shut the door; and an odd soliloquy followed: the woman half-murmured and half-hissed, "Shut the door; and that's it, is it? Oh, then, that's what I'll be saying to you when ye want to pass through the gate of heaven. It's then I'll be saying to St. Peter, shut the door, St. Peter, says I, to a dirty nagur, that 'ud disgrace the place intirely, says I—and ye'll be axing me to let ye in; the never a fut, says I—shut the door, says I; shut the door! Ould go-by-the-ground (the person who had excited her wrath was of diminutive stature,) what 'll ye say then?" "May the spotted fever split ye in four halves!" was a curse uttered by a beggar who had been rejected somewhat roughly. "Foxy-head, foxy-head," was called out by one as a reproach to another; "That ye may never see the Dyer!" was the instant answer. Our purse having been exhausted, we had been deaf to the prayer of one who was covered so meagrely as scarcely to be described as clad: she turned away with a shrug of the shoulders, murmuring "Well, God be praised, it's fine summer clothing we have, any way." Once—it was at Macroom, of which we have particularly spoken—among a group we noted a fair-haired girl. She might have been the study from which Mr. Harvey copied this picture; and let no one think it idealized. We have seen many such, along every road we travelled. Perfect in form as a Grecian statue, and graceful as a young fawn. The hood of her cloak shrouded each side of her face; and the folds draped her slender figure as if the nicest art had been exerted in aid of nature. There was something so sad, so shy, and yet so earnest, in her entreaty for "charity, for



the love of God," that we should have at once bestowed it, had not a thin, pallid woman, whose manner was evidently superior to those around her, and whose "tatters" bore a character of "old decency," made her way through the crowd, and, struggling with excited feelings, forced the girl from our side. Curious to ascertain the cause of this interference, we followed them and learned it. "My name's Mac Sweeney," said the woman somewhat proudly, after a few preliminary questions, "and I am a lone widow, with five of these craythurs depending on my four bones. God knows 'tis hard I work for the bit and the sup to give them; and 'tis poor we are and always have been; but none of my family ever took to the road or begged from any Christian—till this bad girl'en disgraced them." The mother was sobbing like a child, and so was her "girl'en." "Mother," said the girl, "sure little Timsy was hungry, and the gentleman wouldn't miss it." Our car was waiting; we had far to go that day, and we were compelled to leave the cabin without hearing what, we are sure, must have been a touching story; but we left the widow less heart-broken than we found her.

To this we shall add the story of Grace Connell, a character whom the writers met on the shore of the beautiful Cork River, on the eve of a day upon which a number of emigrants had embarked for Australia. Their attention was, they state, attracted by a woman standing on the water's brink, and looking earnestly towards the sea path where it leads to the broad Atlantic.

"There was something firm and statue-like in her figure, and her face had an intense expression that accorded well with her high Spanish features and dark hair; a large shawl enveloped her head and draped her shoulders; her legs and feet were bare. We drove on about half a mile further, and when we returned she was there still on the same spot, with the same fixed and earnest gaze over the waters. This excited our curiosity, and the information we received was a very striking and gratifying illustration of the devotedness of woman's love.

"I have known her," said an old fisherman, "for four-and-twenty years—almost ever since she was born, and I must say—'Ay! there ye stand, Grace Connell, and a better woman never looked with a tearful eye, or a batin heart, along the waters.' And what do ye think her distress is now? and troth—like all tender people—the trouble is seldom altogether away from her; the could only look to themselves, the kind have a pulse for all the world. Grace Connell doesn't to say belong to Cork, but her father came here soon after she was born, a widow-man with only her; he settled down in Cove, and it wasn't long till he married again. And Grace's stepmother was kinder, I believe, than most of her like; anyhow when she died—which she did after being a wife about two years—Grace, and she little more than a slip of a child, took wonderfully to the baby the stepmother left, and every one wondered how one so young could manage an infant so well. Grace would mend her father's nets and things, keep all clean and comfortable, and yet find time to be with her little sister in summer shade and winter sunshine: finding out what best she'd like, what best would do her good, and learning her all she knew—not much to

be sure—but Aer all. Nell grew up the contrary to Grace in all things, a giddy goose of a puss of a girl, yet the purtiest ever seen in Cove; and the hand of God was heavy over them, for while they were both young, the father died. But Grace Connell kept herself and her sister well, for she's wonderful handy and industrious; and as was natural, in Ireland anyhow, Grace got a sweetheart, a fine handsome steady boy as you'd meet in a day's walk, and a clever hand at his trade. Now if Grace was steady, John Casey was steadier ten times over, and every one said they were just made for each other. And they took on at the 'courting' different to most, because they agreed to wait till John was out of his time before they got married. Weeks and months passed, and Nell grew up beautiful, a wild half-sailor sort of a girl, who could furl a sail or scull a boat, and sing *soy songs*, and all the while, was as shy and as proud as Barry Oge himself. Grace sometimes had a misgiving in her own mind that John was not as fond of her as he used to be; but then he had a quiet English sort of dry way with him, that led her off the notion again. One Sunday evening, in particular they, that is Grace and Nelly and John, were down nearly opposite where you saw Grace standing. Grace was sitting on the strand, and John by her side. While Nell was amusing herself climbing among the cliffs, and singing like a wild bird: two or three times they warned her not to be so venturesome, but she'd only laugh at them and be the more fearless; and soon Grace saw that John was watching Nell instead of listening to her, and a heavy cloud came over her, and both remained silent.

"All of a sudden, as Nell was reaching over the edge to pull some sea-pinks, she fell in; the rocks were sharp just there, and the water deep—and when Grace got to the spot, Nell was floating out with the tide, and the water red with her blood. John was a fine swimmer, and with a word, which even then Grace felt, he jumped in and brought her to shore in his arms in a few minutes; but before the sun set that had shone upon those three, Grace saw by *him* in his madness as he hung over her still senseless sister, that it was Nell he loved now—as he *once* said he loved Grace. "I didn't wonder at it," said Grace Connell to my wife, who was her mother's own first cousin, "I didn't wonder at his changing, for that night when I caught sight of myself in the glass after looking at that fair young creature as she lay like a bruised water-lily on our little bed—I thought how much there was in the differ; and sure I couldn't be angry that she twined round poor John's heart, when I know how she had twined round mine; didn't we both help to rear her as I may say, and the only dread in life I shall have, I know, when I get over the disappointment will be, that she won't love John as long and as steadily as I have done." "My wife," added the old man, "is anything but tender-hearted, yet she cried like a child to hear Grace talk that way; so steady in herself, and all the time a breaking heart pained in every feature of her face. The next day she gave back all promises to John; and what made her stronger in her resolution than anything else was, finding that Nelly had a childish fancy for him unbeknownst to herself; it was no wonder that she should, for John certainly was as handsome a boy as ever crossed a chapel-green; but he must have been as blind as a star-fish to prefer her to Grace; it was a queer thing—I always think it as wonderful a thing as ever I heard tell of—that creature watching and tending the restless tiresome girl, nursing her, and improving her as well as she knew how—and for what? to make her a fit wife for the man she had looked upon as her husband for than five years, and loving him all the time. My wife spoke to her once about it; 'Let me alone,' she says, 'every one knows what's right if they ask their own heart, and loving them both, sure I've nothing left me in the world to seek for or pray for, but just the happiness of them two.' Well, after a good deal of tacking about, it was laid out a year and a half ago that John was to go off to Australia, and when he had got settled a bit, send home for Nelly, and that she was to go out with his own sister; and they were to be married there; it was a wonderful thing to see how Grace bore it, and how she slaved to keep up everything for Nelly; and when the letter came at last from John, for Nell and his sister to go out in the next ship, I never shall forget the face of poor Grace, all flushed as it was, coming to my wife and the open letter in her hand—and she read every word of it; how everything had prospered that he took in hand, and how John prayed Aer to go out with Nell, and called her 'sister,' and how Grace almost choked at the word, and—'No,' says she, 'never! I will do all I can to make them happy to the end of my days, as I have done, but to stay there with *them*; God forgive me,' she says, 'I could not do that.' Now," continued the old man, "what I look to is this, from the time Grace got that letter, until this blessed morning, all her thought was what she could make out to send that sister away in the best manner. I am sure, as I am of the light of heaven, that since she was born she never did think of herself—no; you saw her; every bit of finery, every stitch that could serve her sister, has she deprived herself of—for what? to make that sister better in the eyes of him who ought to have been her husband; to see them two girls as I saw them this morning, Nelly dressed like any lady, and those that had time whispering of her beauty—and poor Grace—as she is now, with nothing but the downright love of every heart that knows her to keep her from being alone in the world; to see her with her fine spirit and high-

up thoughts that are as pure as God's breath in the heavens—to see her dressed like a beggar, without even shoes on her feet, stripped, as one may say, for the sake of them that wracked her happiness. And then the parting—how she kept up her own sister's and his sister's hearts to the last minute; and how she followed the steamer farther than any of the people; and stood, when it left her sight, in that spot, looking out for hours, as if to see, poor girl, what she will never see again. 'Let me alone,' she says to me, and I reasoning with her, 'let me alone; after to-day I'll be as I always was.' Ah, then, it would be a heavy lead and a long line that would get to the bottom of her heart's love," added the old fisherman, "and if any of us could have the satisfaction of hearing her complain—but no, not she, not a murmur—only all cheerful, patient, loving sweetness; yet I'm afraid that all this time there's a canker in her own heart. And there's my son, who would kiss the print of her bare foot in a dirty road. She won't look at him," said the old man pettishly; "but I don't care whether she does or not, Grace Connell shall never want a FATHER."

We desire to accompany this story with a graphic picture of the emigrants embarking:—

"We stood, in the month of June, on the Quay of Cork to look upon a levy of emigrants embark on one of the steamers for Falmouth, on their way to Australia. The band of exiles amounted to two hundred, and an immense crowd had assembled to bid them a long and last adieu. The scene was touching to a degree; it was impossible to witness it without heart-pain and tears. Mothers hung upon the necks of their athletic sons, young girls clung to elder sisters, fathers—old white-headed men—fell upon their knees, with arms uplifted to heaven, imploring the protecting care of the Almighty on their departing children. 'Oh,' exclaimed one aged woman, 'all's gone from me in the wide world when you're gone! Sure you was all I had left!—of seven sons—but you! Oh Dennis, Dennis, never forget your mother—your mother!—don't, avourneen—your poor old mother, Dennis!' and Dennis, a young man—though the sun was shining on his grey hair—supported 'his mother' in his arms until she fainted, and then he lifted her into a small cart that had conveyed his baggage to the vessel, and kissing a weeping young woman who leaned against the horse, he said, 'I'll send home for you both, Peggy, in the rise of next year; and ye'll be a child to her from this out till then, and then avourneen, you'll be my own.' When we looked again the young man was gone, and 'Peggy' had wound her arms round the old woman, while another girl held a broken cup of water to her lips. Amid the din, the noise, the turmoil, the people pressing and rolling in vast masses towards the place of embarkation like the waves of the troubled sea, there were many such sad episodes. Men, old men too, embracing each other and crying like children. Several passed bearing most carefully little relics of their homes—the branch of a favourite hawthorn tree, whose sweet blossoms and green leaves were already withered, or a bunch of meadow sweet. Many had a long switch of the 'witch hazel,' doubtless to encircle the ground whereon they slept in a foreign land, so as, according to the universal superstition, to prevent the approach of any venomous reptile or poisonous insect. One girl I saw with a gay little goldfinch in a cage—she and her sister were town bred, and told us they had learned 'lace-work' from the good ladies at the convent 'that look'd so beautiful on the banks of the Cork river,' and then they burst out weeping again, and clung together as if to assure each other, that sad as it was to leave their country, they would be together in exile. 'Oh, Ireland, mavourneen—oh, my own dear country—and is it myself that's for leaving you after giving ye the sweat of my brow and the love of my heart for forty years!' said a strong man, whose features were convulsed with emotion while he grasped his children tightly to his bosom. 'And remember your promise, Mogue, remember your promise; not to let my bones rest in the strange country, Mogue,' said his wife; 'but to send me home when I'm dead to my own people in Kilkenny—you mind that, that's my consolation.' 'Augh!' exclaimed a stern hard-looking fellow, while his tearful eyes turned scornfully upon his weeping fellow exiles. 'What a bother ye make, Ireland has long been the poor man's grave, ever since the rich deserted her; what do we lave behind but starvation and misery?' 'Our hearts, Mick Leary,' answered a fine peasant youth, who was caressing a bunch of shamrocks."

These extracts will suffice to show the character of the lighter matter of the work; there is, however, much of a more important character—connected with the statistics and the history of Ireland; and we are sure that especial care will be taken to avoid the discussion of topics that must be dangerous on such slippery ground as that country—politics and religion.

[Although our readers may form a just idea of the designs of the prints we have selected, they will of course remember that they are here printed by machine, and are necessarily inferior in appearance to those worked in the publication.]

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The plans which have been recently laid before Parliament for the architectural improvement of the metropolis, are the subject of deep interest to all classes. Two grand objects are sought to be effected:—1. The clearing away the obstructions by which many of our national edifices are at present blocked up and hidden from public view. 2. The improvement and enlargement of our public thoroughfares. We are desirous of calling the attention of our readers to the projects proposed for effecting the former of these.

Rich as London undoubtedly is in grand architectural structures, yet it must be acknowledged that these have failed to excite that general interest with regard to them which the national edifices of other great capitals have called forth; nor have they served to contribute, in any degree proportionate to their excellence, to the adornment of the metropolis. And why is this? We hesitate not to affirm, that the main cause of both these anomalies is the extent to which our finest public buildings are now blocked up by surrounding edifices, and the proper view of them, so as to behold them in all their majestic proportions and beauty, altogether obstructed. No one can deny that the actual value of a national edifice is in many respects in a great degree dependant on the situation in which it is placed, and the opportunities afforded for obtaining a favourable view of it. Both St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey would be greatly enhanced in value were they so placed as to admit of their being thus viewed, instead of being almost choked up by the houses around them, and without one really favourable prospect of them being anywhere afforded.

The public buildings of Paris are not to be compared with those of London; yet, from being so much better placed, they are seen to far greater advantage. Many of them are situated on the banks of the Seine, and have ample space before them. In Brussels, too, the public edifices, and among them the beautiful Hotel de Ville, are very admirably displayed in this respect. The splendid cathedral at Amiens derives much of its majesty and grandeur from the excellence of its situation on a rising eminence, with a wide open space before it, and is thus viewed, while approaching it, to very great advantage. On the other hand, the cathedral at Antwerp, and indeed that at Cologne, suffer greatly from the manner in which they are crowded round by small buildings. The former of these is almost surrounded by houses, which are actually built against its walls, and not only greatly disfigure it, but prevent anything but the spires being seen from several points of view.

As we said before, London is very richly endowed as regards the public buildings which it possesses. It is scarcely less fortunate, as regards its position on the banks of a great river, and the numerous inequalities of the ground on which it stands, in the opportunities afforded for displaying its principal structures to the fullest advantage. The site very unworthily occupied by the new National Gallery is one of great excellence. That of St. Martin's Church, near the National Gallery, serves to display to great advantage that very beautiful edifice. Somerset House is also very fortunate in this respect, and is, perhaps, the only instance in our metropolis of a first-rate national edifice occupying a first-rate situation. As, however, it can only be viewed from the Thames or Waterloo Bridge, much of its value as an ornament to the metropolis is lost. St. Paul's is, indeed, by no means badly placed, as regards its site, which is on an eminence, though, from the number of houses around it, it is scarcely visible on a near view. Had it not been for the elevation of its site

above the river, and on the approach from Fleet-street, hardly anything but the dome would be seen beyond the churchyard. As it is, the best positions for obtaining a full view of it are from the bridges, or from the Thames at high water; but even then more than one-half of the building is obscured by the houses around it.

In Sir Christopher Wren's magnificent plan for rebuilding London after the great fire, the principles which we have here laid down with respect to the situation of our public edifices, were fully acted upon. His design was to have made one large street from Aldgate to Temple-bar, in the middle of which was to have been a large square, capable of containing St. Paul's, and allowing a proper distance for the view all round it. He also proposed to rebuild all the parish churches in such a manner as to be seen at the end of every vista of houses, and dispersed in such distances from each other, as to appear neither too thick nor too thin in prospect, but so as to give a proper heightening to the whole bulk of the city as it filled the landscape. He intended to unite the halls of the twelve companies into one regular square, annexed to the Guildhall. He also wished to have built all the houses uniformly, and supported by a piazza. The Exchange he intended to stand isolated in the middle of a piazza, and to be the centre of the town, whence the streets should proceed to all the principal parts of the city. The structure was to assume the form of a Roman forum, with double porticoes. On the banks of the Thames, from London Bridge to the Temple, he planned a long and broad wharf, or quay, where he designed to have ranged all the halls that belonged to the several companies of the city, with proper warehouses for merchants between, to vary the edifices; and thus he would have made it at once one of the most beautiful and most useful ranges of structure in the world.

That glorious project was, however, defeated by the mercenary spirit and narrow-mindedness of the citizens, and the city was purposely rebuilt in the same irregular and inconvenient fashion in which it had been suffered to grow. As the streets were thus re-erected without regard to order or rule, so neither order nor rule were permitted to interpose to restrain the numberless encroachments which were constantly being made upon the public thoroughfares, until, at last, the evil has become so enormous as to call forth imperatively for an immediate remedy.

The national edifice which has suffered most of all from this neglect, is that to the erection of which Sir Christopher Wren, who foresaw the evils that ensued, owes the greater portion of his glory—St. Paul's Cathedral. This splendid structure was rebuilt by him after the great fire, and was completed in thirty-five years. Many of those who are struck with admiration at the magnificence and beauty of this noble edifice, will, perhaps, be surprised at hearing that a design for one which, in the opinion of the great architect, would have greatly surpassed that which has been erected, was submitted to the king, and strongly urged by Wren as the superior one for adoption.

Wren, we are told*, made various designs for this building. The form of the classic temple he imagined suited the reformed worship best, being compact and simple, without long aisles, our religion not using processions like that of Rome. He accordingly planned a church of moderate size, and of good proportion, having a convenient choir, with a vestibule and porticoes, and a dome conspicuous above the houses. "This design," says his son, "was applauded by persons of good understanding, as containing all that was necessary for the church of the metropolis, of a beautiful figure, and of an ex-

* Vide "Cunningham's Lives," &c.—Wren.

pense that reasonably might have been compassed; but being in the Roman style was not so well understood and relished by others; some thought it not stately enough, and contended that, for the honour of the nation and the city of London, it ought not to be exceeded in magnificence by any church in Europe." Much as this plan was approved, it was nevertheless one of those which he sketched "merely," as he said, "for discourse sake." He had bestowed his study upon two designs, both of which he liked, though one of them he preferred, and justly, above the other. The ground-plans of both were in the form of the cross. That which pleased Charles, the Duke of York, and the courtiers, retained the primitive figure with all its sharp advancing and receding angles. The one after Wren's own heart substituted curves for these deep indentations, by which one unbroken and beautiful winding line was obtained for the exterior, while the interior accommodation which it afforded, and the elegance which it introduced, were such as must have struck every beholder. But if we may credit Spence, taste had no share in deciding the choice of the design. He says, on the authority of Harding, that the Duke of York and his party influenced all. The future king even then contemplated the revival of the Popish service, and desired to have a cathedral with long side aisles for the sake of its processions. This not only caused the rejection of Wren's favourite design, but materially affected the other, which was approved. The side oratories were proposed by the Duke, and though this narrowed the building, and broke much in upon the breadth and harmony of the interior elevation—and though it was resisted by Wren very vehemently, he found himself compelled to submit. With a heavy heart, and an unwilling hand, he made the proposed changes. He was quite aware that by this means he was injuring the unity of the structure, and that he was sacrificing much of its beauty; and that his fame as an architect, which by this work he hoped imperishably to establish, was placed in jeopardy by these innovations.

The plan lately under the consideration of Parliament "for making a new street from the front of St. Paul's to Blackfriars-bridge," will have the effect of partially at least remedying the evil of which we complain, as regards the houses clustered round the building. By this means an ample space approaching the edifice will be obtained, and one fine prospect afforded of it. The view of it from the bridge will then, indeed, be one of great magnificence. This project will also, we trust, have the effect of causing the removal of several of the houses in St. Paul's Churchyard, on account of the increased thoroughfare which the new street will occasion.

Westminster Abbey, like St. Paul's, is very much obscured by the buildings near it. The plan for making "a new street from Westminster Abbey to Pimlico," will to a certain extent remedy this defect. But the improvement which alone could afford an ample view of this noble and venerable structure,—so associated with all that is great and glorious in our national history,—and which surely deserves that some sacrifices at least should be made for this purpose, is the removal of the houses between Parliament-street and King-street. This is absolutely necessary, in order to make a good approach to the abbey, and houses of parliament, and law courts, as well as for the convenience of the immense throng constantly passing and repassing in that direction, to and from Westminster-bridge. We feel persuaded that sooner or later this very desirable project must be accomplished. At present, the thoroughfare from Trafalgar-square by Whitehall, as far as the Treasury, is one of great majesty and beauty: at this point, however, it

abruptly converges into a very narrow street, until reaching that immediately leading to Westminster-bridge.

The street proposed to be carried from the portico of the new Post-office into Newgate-street, will open a fine view of that building on approaching it.

The choice of proper sites for new buildings is of course a matter which requires to be strictly attended to. That selected for the new houses of parliament, on the immediate banks of the Thames, is, in many respects, highly favourable for their display; though, on the other hand, the positions from which this splendid building can be viewed, will not be those most frequented. Indeed, except from the river and the bridges, it will be hardly visible at all. Such a structure as this ought, in our opinion, not only to be an object of great beauty, but should be so placed as to form an ornament to the metropolis.

As we have already stated, the subject before us is one of general interest, and of importance to each. All may, more or less, aid in furthering the adoption of these improvements. Public opinion it is which mainly determines their advancement, and according as our rulers see that the people in general are anxious or indifferent about the execution of these great undertakings, may we expect that they will be carried forward with spirit or with apathy. The general character of the nation is at stake as regards the manner in which they are designed and executed; but, above all, the fame of our artists,—by whose influence works of taste and genius must of course be supposed to be mainly directed,—is nearly concerned in promoting their accomplishment in a manner worthy of projects of such magnitude and importance.

FASHION IN ART.

SIR.—The influence of fashion upon the manners and customs of society may be as expedient as it is extravagant: as regards the affectation of dress, we know that what is the admiration of one period is just the monstrosity of another; but that it should so prevail over true taste, that even Art, which is expected to dictate to it, should even become subservient to it, is no less surprising than deplorable; and the more especially when we consider, that while nature with her vast demands is presenting herself with open volume, that Art should be limited to caprice and circumstance, and not allowed to avail itself of all her varieties. To be duly impressed with this, is only to revert to the changes which have passed in succession over its history, and now only to be looked back upon as affectingly as a series of events that are never to return. To trace it downwards in every sense of the word, we need not go out of our own country for a gradual history of its decline: it commenced with what is technically termed a rage for scriptural pieces, then history, landscape, and sea pieces, descending in order to pastorals, the drama, familiar life, from thence to frivolous subjects, or more properly no subjects at all; each giving place to another rather than a higher order of things, till the exhausting process has brought us through every grade, from the 'Resurrection' down to the 'Rabbit on the Wall.' This allusion is made more in reference to the choice of subjects than the mode of treating them; as nature, being ever true to herself, furnishes materials for imitation in every conceivable way, only that an artist should always take her at her best, and convince us rather by his head, how much he is consulting her for sense and sentiment, than endeavour by his hands to show how far he is able to do without either. What fashionable objection can possibly be taken to a recurrence to scriptural designs, or how should that be thought old fashioned, whose increasing interest is commensurate with time itself? or why should history, which is tributary to it, and nature with all her majesty, as seen in earth and sea, be considered as so far gone by, as to be the subjects only of occasional or overlooked representation, and lost in the multitude of all that may administer to personal vanity or childish insipidity? Re-

specting book embellishments, which occupy so great a part of Art, both in design and engraving, it is to be feared they answer the purpose of their own creation better than that of such as are employed through them, as being cut down, as it were, to their own little dimensions, are in some danger of becoming men of small things. As to pictorial works, which lay every thing under contributions to the single pretensions of a set, they ought to be solid indeed, since they profess to give law to letters in a manner hitherto unknown. The mode of getting up a bookseller's annual may furnish the curious with a most singular instance of what is termed "cutting to order;" the subjects are conceived by the employer, carried out by the designer, transixed by the engraver, and written up to by the author. Now imagine (if you can) Milton employed in forming his "Paradise Lost" to some pictorial design, or Pope or Addison illustrating the drawings of Frank Hayman, and it would appear to any sense but that of the projector, that such an inversion of the decencies of literature has no parallel in the annals of stupidity. It is not to be inferred from hence that an artist is destitute of imagination, so much as that he has certain bounds over which it would be unsafe to pass; for, inasmuch as writing must comprehend the whole of a subject, painting in its extent can only embrace a certain part, and at most can comprehend but one point of time; if, therefore, the design is given to the writer to make the best of it, it must become his subject-matter, and he is obliged to adapt the intermediate stages to it, like the fitting in of a child's puzzle. Some of the old obsolete masters were great economists in this way, and have given us their miltum in parvo in a manner most provoking to laughter and science; insinuating into the narrow compass of a square, the "birth, parentage, and education" of the longest life, with its most remarkable incidents, while he has so crammed and jostled the whole into one picture, that should the spectator (like the Hebrew version) commence his observations at the wrong end of the concern, he would be surprised to find the hero at the same time shuffle into existence, and the lean and slippered pantaloon go through all the evolutions of life backwards, with a dexterity truly ingenious, and terminate his career in the cradle instead of the coffin. To return to unintelligible designs (wanting references), they certainly carry with them the best apology for an author's coming after them to help them out; for even the company of angels is not desirable if they are only to be known by their wings. Every production, therefore, should be compelled to bring its reasons with it, since that which wants an excuse for appearing, ought not to appear at all. Those who attend the public exhibitions go very far to justify these opinions; invariably complaining of the number of portraits and trivial subjects which occupy the spaces they would have filled up by the exceptions which they hail with such delight; but really they are so comparatively few, that the same may be said of it as of the school-boy's pudding, which was very satisfying upon the whole, but as to the plums there was one here and another at Westminster. That Art does not sustain its importance is certain; and the reason why the class alluded to is not so cordially received, does not so much arise from satiety as disappointment; the good or bad success appears to lie mainly in the choice of subjects; and the question is, who is to direct that choice? The projectors have proved themselves unequal to it, and such as are able, perhaps, are unwilling to undertake it; and it will only happen when independence and ingenuity unite to oppose the prejudice of fashion, that we may ever expect to see a revival of the good old times. We have seen "to what base purposes any thing may return;" and if this state of things is allowed to go on, custom will assign the artist a place, and he will not dare to look beyond it; he will seek his fairest advantage in bazaars and fancy shops; will be identified with fire-screens and chimney ornaments, while in prospect of these, society will lose all respect for the Arts, and the artist at length will almost cease to respect himself. I am not aware if these deferential remarks accord with your sentiments, but as they are given with a view of restoring what has been so long drooping, you will accept them for their sincerity, and believe me to remain most respectfully yours,

LIBRA.

ART-PATRONAGE IN ENGLAND.

The love of Art, as a matter of high and interesting intellectual excitement, is every day making advances among all classes of the community. It is almost needless to affirm, that each class will look with different emotions upon the several productions of the chisel or the pencil, but the tendency of those works is the same in every case, namely, to amuse and to refine;—to relax, for awhile at least, the ruffled bosom of care, or to give an elevated aim to the desires of wealthy luxury. No one who has the real happiness of the people at heart, can witness, without instruction and pleasure, the motley crowds that constantly throng the saloons of the National Gallery, happy to read, in the universal language of the open books upon its walls, the moral lessons of Hogarth, or to dwell with Wilkie upon his pure images of domestic character—to wonder at the realities of the Dutch, or be transported through the magic portals of the Italian school to an "ideal world," where majesty of form, and grandeur of colour, show us not so much what humanity is, as what man can conceive, and what he might be.

The last time we traversed these rooms, we were struck with the contrast exhibited by a group who were examining one of the large productions of Rubens; side by side stood a knot of hard-fisted mechanics and two gentlemen, in one of whom we recognised an ex-premier of the most richly-cultivated mind. To this accomplished scholar, the lyric allegories of the great Fleming were, of course, productive of more truly intellectual food than to the humbler appetites of his temporary associates; but no one who regarded the searching glances and gratified looks of the latter, could fail to be struck with the evidences of their abstraction from thoughts of the cares of life, rejoice to note that power of imagination which could banish for awhile the stern-pressing facts of a mechanic's existence. These poor men, too, were deriving this satisfaction from pictures which were "their own"—from pictures purchased in part with *their* money; and who can shut his eyes to the policy (to take no higher view) of thus providing for the use of the poor the inspiring works which are among the most expensive of the luxuries of the rich. Would that the one-sidedness of party influenced less the scope of vision of our statesmen! How much better it would be for the ultimate welfare of all, if the political economist, in his watching over the public money, would examine such affairs in their broadest aspect, and regard the government purchases of paintings, not so much as matters intended for the gratification of the wealthy, but as sources of widely-ramifying and soul-elevating pleasures for the people at large. It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that we view not only the increasing appetite for the luxuries of Art, but find that in the highest quarters there is a desire to meet these demands, by providing more extended facilities of access to the public collections.*

Into the various causes that have contributed to produce this increased and increasing estimation of the Fine Arts in this country, it is not our purpose now to inquire; but as particular evidence of the fact, we appeal, and gladly, to the many Articles of value and research which have of late appeared in the pages of the better portion of our periodical literature. While the more ordinary part of that press has, not unfrequently, indulged in the most absurd and heartless criticisms on the works of our more distinguished artists (at the same time elevating on the unenviable pinnacle of bad taste some of the clap-trap productions of inferior or vulgar minds), the *Monthlies* and the *Quarterlies*, those "great guns" of the periodical battery, have been keeping up a discharge of well-aimed articles on the Arts of Painting and Sculpture; articles for the most part evincing a philosophic insight into the real national value of these Arts and their actual condition in this country. The "Quarterly" has given us interesting reviews of Passavant's 'Life of Raffaele,' and of the 'Fine Arts in Florence;' the "Foreign Quarterly," in examining Raczyński's work, has put forth some excellent reflections on German Art; the "Westminster" has published a useful recueil of the 'Pictures at Hampton Court,' and the "Edinburgh" contributes some searching strictures on Goethe's 'Theory of

Colours.' In "Fraser's Magazine" some good disquisitions on the exhibitions have appeared; and in a learned and interesting paper, "of Macbeth," we are this month presented with some truthful remarks on that tragedy, and incidentally on the stirring picture by Mr. MacIise. In the "Maga" of the North it is, indeed, no new thing to find elaborate and well-written essays on Art; and its recent numbers have contained critical annotations on the London Exhibition, apparently from the same pen which gave us the always-welcome speculations of the "Sketcher." Without (as we might) extending our list further from home, we may surely throw into the scale the humble but sincere and ready mite contributed by the ART-UNION, whose already large circulation indicates the estimation with which the public are disposed to welcome literary labours in the cause of Art.

Thus much for the extent of artistical investigations at present being carried on in this country—investigations a few years ago almost foreign to the reading public of England. Pass we to a brief examination of a statement promulgated in the paper above alluded to, in a recent number of the "Foreign Quarterly Review." To its general excellence we have already borne willing testimony; and it may be mentioned that it contains memoranda, which those who cannot afford to purchase the great work of Raczyński will love to collect, respecting Cornelius, Schnorr, Kaulbach, and others of that school, to whom our own pages have lately offered the homage of an accomplished writer. It behoves us, however, not to let pass without comment the following passage in this otherwise excellent Review:—

"We are informed, but we know not on what authority the assertion rests, that Cornelius has been applied to to paint the frescoes in our House of Commons. We trust, as England has no fresco painter, that a mean jealousy of foreign genius, before which our own stands rebuked, will not obstruct this truly generous and noble appreciation of this distinguished artist."

This pithy notification is placed—a sting in the tail!—at the conclusion of the review in question. What is the inference to be forced on the mind of the reader who may be unversed in the real facts of the case? Not only that the school of Munich possesses capabilities which lie undeveloped in the English school, but that the mere endeavour to secure for British artists the decoration of the interior of the British House of Commons would constitute a "mean jealousy of foreign genius." Shades of Reynolds and Barry, of Flaxman and Hilton! we appeal to you for a vindication of that genius which is said to "stand rebuked" before the glory of the German. The splendours of the living fade before it;—the purest feeling of East-lake; the gorgeous colouring of Etty; the vivid imagination of Herbert; the wonderful powers of MacIise—these are but "dust in the balance" when the other scale groans under the weight of the pencil of Cornelius!

Our able and respected contemporary, the "Spectator" has slightly noticed, and very properly reprov'd, this notion respecting the consignment of the House of Commons to the artistic spell of our Teutonic neighbours. We have heard from other sources sufficient to indicate that the report is not merely one of those feelers put out to discover what obstructions may oppose, but that the project is one likely, if not seriously opposed, to be carried into execution.

Far be it from us to decry the European reputation of the great German painter; we acknowledge his supremacy in many points; we would join with enthusiasm in any testimony to his merits, and would welcome him as a *fellow-labourer* in the paths of art; but to yield the whole ground to him when such a field is open to all—to give up quietly a noble opportunity for the illustration of British glories by British painters is a sacrifice of "self-esteem," that would be by so much the less a compliment to Cornelius as it would indicate the deficiency of power and generous emulation in those whose natural places he might be called to fill.

There was a time when the pictorial glories of the Pinacothek and the Glyptothek had not begun to summon into life the powers of Cornelius and his school; and if there had then been a proposition for "calling in foreign aid," not only would there have been an outcry against the unnatural interposition, but the very talents which form the

subject of our comment might have lain dormant; the "light under a bushel" might have remained "hid," and the genius of Cornelius might to this day have been occupied in cabinet pictures, or have continued to work out the conceits of his imagination in that half-ruined convent whence the penetration of Niebuhr drew him forth to the attention of German governments. We admire and warmly advocate the high attainments and higher aim of this giant of German art, and of many of his colleagues and disciples. The "Battle of the Huns," by his pupil Kaulbach, rivets our gaze whenever we look at the print of that highly-imaginative and poetic production. But there are faults, and prominent ones, in the German school,—faults which certainly outweigh those of the English,—and a naked "gothicism," which, whilst it constitutes the *beau ideal* of a German painter, is opposed to all the ideas upon which the English artists proceed, and which the English public are accustomed to look for. We can imagine, therefore, leaving the artists out of the question, the feeling with which the admission of the public to see the painted interior of our Houses of Parliament would be accompanied. Powerful and generalizing genius will command attention anywhere, because the principles on which it works are those of the common mind of man, and therefore we can conceive that the grand and noble works which such a magnificent commission and such a history of glories would draw from the hand of Cornelius must obtain the highest admiration as works of art, but we question whether any so well as Englishmen could render justice to those historic records from which we presume the subjects of such pictures would necessarily be taken.

While we protest, therefore, against being considered as "meanly jealous of foreign powers," we protest also against the employment of a foreign artist to execute the only great national work—if it really be to be executed, which we much question—that has hitherto afforded an opportunity for British artists to enter into competition with the munificently patronized painters of the Continent.

We should not give to the rumour a moment's credit, but that another statement has been put forth, on better authority, to the effect that a project of the kind is actually in progress at Glasgow.

We shall offer no apology for increasing the length of this article by printing a letter from a correspondent:—

Glasgow, Nov. 7, 1840.

SIR,—I know not whether you are aware of the discussion of the question that has been exciting so much attention among our citizens, namely, who is the best qualified sculptor to execute the equestrian statue to be erected here as a testimonial to Wellington, upwards of ten thousand pounds being subscribed for that purpose.

The general opinion is, that Sir Francis Chantrey is the only one who could safely be entrusted with it; it is, however, the opinion of many that the peculiar talents of this artist are not well fitted for the execution of a work of such a nature; that his genius is essentially and distinctly portraiture, and that his works in that department will stand in competition with those of any artist of any nation, or time; but that the severity and grandeur requisite on the present occasion, demand other and very different qualifications.

Those who entertain this opinion, and, indeed, they appear to be the majority, with Sheriff Allison, the historian, at their head, are desirous of eliciting the services of some great foreign sculptor, if such there be; and, accordingly, at a meeting held in the Exchange ten days ago, an Italian artist, named Marchetti, was appointed.

There is no doubt that the real interests of Art will be best promoted by the adoption of this principle; but I fear that, in the present case, the committee are swayed more by the John Bull prejudice, than by any waywardness of the eye or fair feathered, than from conviction that their decision will result in the execution of a nobler work of art; at all events, under the leadership of a nobler work of art, Mr. Archd. MacIise, characterises their proceedings. Mr. Archd. MacIise, who has written a pamphlet on the subject, and would give it to Chantrey, moved, as an amendment, an adjournment of three weeks, to consider the matter more carefully, which was carried; but, from the tone of feeling that prevails, it is probable that the former decision will be adhered to.

Now, Sir, you would confer a boon were you to enlighten us (for I echo the feeling of hundreds) on the claims of Marchetti, for (saving a small bronze cast of an equestrian statue of Phillip of Savoy; and this, in my opinion, partakes by far too much of the picturesque than the dignity of sculpture admits), then

* Vide the 'Pictures at Hampton Court,' in a recent number of the "Westminster Review."

* Foreign Quarterly Review, July, 1840, p. 419.

is nothing known of him, excepting that he is employed to erect the monument above the ashes of Napoleon, at Paris.

Yours, &c.

Now, although there may be some show of reason for employing Cornelius to decorate by Art the British House of Commons, there cannot be the shadow of an argument for importing M. Marochetti into England to make a statue of the Duke of Wellington. The German painter is a man of undoubted and established talent; the French or Italian sculptor is almost as unknown to the world as the maker of plaster images in Dean-street, Soho—and, for aught the Glasgow connoisseurs know to the contrary, the one may be as competent as the other to discharge the noble and national task.

If the committee dare to commit an act so atrocious—we cannot erase the word—they will effectually put a foul blot upon their names, and make even their posterity ashamed to bear them.

What, have we no sculptors in England? Is Westmacott dead? Is Chantrey imbecile? Has the younger Westmacott made his fortune and retired? Are the arms of Behnes paralyzed? What has become of Gibson? Where is Wyatt? Is Patric Park—a Glasgow man to boot—in a state of decrepitude? In fact, there are at least a score of English sculptors equal to the due and honourable discharge of so enviable a duty, as that of once again commemorating the great Captain of the Age—the noblest Briton of them all.

Our correspondent is so circumstantial in his statement, that we cannot avoid giving credence to the fact that this Signor Marochetti is seriously contemplated as the person to be ordered over to “do” the Great Duke;—as the person fittest, if not the only one, to transmit to posterity a copy that shall endure for ages of his form and features. The public will naturally ask who is this Signor Marochetti. We borrow an answer from the “Spectator,” a journal to which we have this month had several occasions to refer, and which we rejoice to find taking up the subject in its wonted style of manly boldness:—

“All we know of him is, that he sent a frivolous and commonplace design to the competition for the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar-square; and that by some extraordinary piece of good management, he has been preferred before all the French sculptors for erecting the tomb to be placed above the remains of Napoleon in the Church of the Invalids. What soul of genius—whether of humbug or professional dexterity—animates this colossus of art, that bestrides the Channel, while French and English sculptors

“Creep under his huge legs, and peep about
To find themselves dishonourable graves.”

we have yet to learn. His miniature statue of the Duke of Savoy may be seen in a shop-window in Bond-street; and a very showy ornament for the chimney-piece it makes. Its merits are very justly estimated by the critic in the *Glasgow Argus*. The Duke, armed cap-a-pie, is in the act of sheathing his sword; and as his horse is rather restive, the steadiness of the rider's seat and his dexterity in inserting the point of the blade into the scabbard, implies that he was renowned for feats of horsemanship. The absurdity of judging of the ability of Marochetti to produce a fine colossal statue, from this clever piece of *bijouterie*, and electing him to make a likeness of the Duke of Wellington in consequence, is only to be paralleled by supposing Alfred Chalon, or any other fashionable miniature-painter, being chosen to paint in fresco a colossal portrait of Blucher for the Munich Gallery: indeed, this sculptor's style appears to be of that meretricious quality which is calculated rather to give imposing effect to the accessories of costume, than to embody in form the attributes of mind and character.”

We earnestly hope the subscribers to the projected equestrian statue will be “up and doing.” The Scotch are proverbially national; to their nationality they owe the larger half of their prosperity, and are mainly indebted for the proud position they have so long occupied. It is impossible to believe that they would lend themselves *en masse* to a job not less iniquitous than it is ridiculous.

Upon this subject we shall, no doubt, be again called upon to comment. Meanwhile we call loudly upon all who value and would uphold the interests of British art, and desire honourable distinction for their country, to prevent the mischief BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

CHIT CHAT.

THREE ASSOCIATE-MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY were elected on Monday, the 2nd of November; viz. Charles Barry, Esq., R. Redgrave, Esq., and T. Webster, Esq. It is understood that Mr. Herbert had, within two, as many votes as Mr. Webster, Mr. Dyce within two of Mr. Herbert, and that some votes were given to Mr. Cope. This election cannot be otherwise than satisfactory to the artists and the public generally. Of Mr. Barry we shall speak in a separate article; Mr. Redgrave and Mr. Webster have long enjoyed and amply earned very high reputations; reputations to which they have added from year to year; and the choice is honourable to the Royal Academy as well as to the painters. In the selections likely to follow these, there is also evidence of sound and impartial judgment; the great abilities of Mr. Herbert are universally appreciated; he is an artist of the highest and best class; and one who aims at subjects to be compassed only by a master mind; we shall rejoice to record his promotion to a post to which he has proved his right—a right fully acknowledged by those who are his judges. Mr. Dyce is also a gentleman of large ability, both in his more immediate profession and out of it. His picture of ‘Titian,’ in the last year's exhibition, made the honour for which he seeks almost a certainty; he would be an acquisition to any society—learned or artistic. Mr. Cope, too, is an artist of very considerable merit; and he also established his character at the exhibition of 1840.

MR. CHARLES BARRY.—The election of Mr. Barry into the list of Associate Academicians, the preparatory step to the full dignity of an R. A., cannot fail to prove highly gratifying to the members at large of that honourable profession of which Mr. Barry is an ornament, this gentleman being regarded by his professional brethren not merely for his talents, which are unquestionable, but for his universally kind deportment, unaffected manners, and honourable feeling. Mr. Barry had been long known to the few as likely to take a high place in his profession, his skill having become apparent immediately after his return from a long course of travel abroad, where he visited Italy, Greece, Egypt, Jerusalem, &c.; but more recently he has acquired a widely-spread reputation by his design for the Houses of Parliament, which, in a competition wherein were engaged all the chief architects of the day, was universally admitted to be pre-eminently excellent. This plan, if carried out in its pristine integrity, will produce, we have no hesitation in saying, one of the finest modern gothic buildings in the world. In the foundations of this building, we may notice in passing, Mr. Barry has displayed much practical knowledge; and has shown, that although the *beautiful* may have been the object of his especial study, the *useful* has not been disregarded. We would impress strongly upon the minds of young architects the necessity of a close attention to this portion of their profession, and urge that the ability to express a fine design, although the highest, is not the only office of the “chief workman.”—In the Traveller's Club House Mr. Barry first introduced to England the *cornicione*, and other portions of domestic Italian architecture, to that time unused here; and has unquestionably brought into vogue a style of building admirably well adapted to our climate and wants. The Athenæum at Manchester (in which city are also some churches by Mr. Barry), and the Reform Club House in Pall Mall, are other instances of the successful use of this style by the same gentleman. We will not now go into any remarks on the merits and demerits of these buildings, as we intend, before long, to devote some space to an examination of the state of

architecture in England at this time, when they would of course come under notice.—Edward the Sixth's Free School at Birmingham, a beautiful structure, in the style of the last period of pointed architecture, and Lord Tankerville's villa at Walton-upon-Thames, an Italian composition, with prospect tower, are other of Mr. Barry's more recent works. The completion of Lord Francis Egerton's mansion, Bridgewater House, originally in the hands of Sir R. Smirke, has just been committed to Mr. Barry's charge.

—In concluding this brief notice we would remark, that by the election of Mr. Barry, who is known to be an active member of the Royal Institute of Architects, the Academy show that they no longer intend to enforce the very illiberal bye-law which would prevent any of the academicians from being members of other societies for the advancement of arts; a bye-law which prevented Sir John Soane, Sir R. Smirke, Mr. Cockerell, and others, from entering the Institute, except as Honorary Fellows. Mr. Barry's election is, therefore, a matter for congratulation on more points than one.

THE COPIES FROM THE OLD MASTERS.—The annual exhibition of copies from the pictures lent to the British Institution, has taken place in the Gallery. We agree with the “Spectator” in considering that this “show” might be advantageously dispensed with; it feeds small vanities once a year; and affords enjoyment only to the friends of the copyists. To copy them, in parts, may be very useful to tyros; but to transfer them entire is objectionable, on the ground that many possessors dislike, and with reason, to have imitations of them circulated, which may, in the course of time, be scattered and disposed of as works of the veritable masters. The thing has been done often; and may be done again.

NELSON MONUMENT.—The works still progress, but apparently in the slowest manner. That this delay however does not proceed from any intention on the part of the Committee to abandon their position is, we fear, evident from the circumstance that the various accessories are in course of preparation. The model for the capital, which has been entrusted to Mr. Charles H. Smith, is in a forward state, and bids fair to be a fine work; Mr. Bailey too, is hard at work preparing for the statue; but of this latter we cannot express the same anticipation. The artist himself is unable to look forward to the completion of his work with any satisfaction, whether as regards the attitude and costume of the figure, or the material to be employed. We have before this raised our voices loudly against the perpetuation in stone of the ephemeral fashions and bad taste of the times; but again and again we would reiterate our regret that a fresh error of this kind should be attempted in the case of Nelson. The area of Trafalgar-square has been levelled down, so as to render the roadway, from which the National Gallery rises, an elevated terrace, ten or twelve feet in height when viewed from Charing-cross.

THE CIVIL WARS.—We have seen some exquisite drawings, by George Cattermole, commemorative of the wars between Charles the First and the Parliament, which are about to be published as illustrations to a work by his brother, the Rev. Richard Cattermole; we are glad to find the brothers employed together upon so worthy an undertaking. The skill of the painter is universally appreciated; and these productions of his pencil are undoubtedly his *chefs d'œuvre*. Although his name be less familiar to the public, the Rev. Mr. Cattermole is known to a very large circle as an accomplished scholar, of fine taste and of sound judgment. We anticipate, therefore, a volume that will be an acquisition to the country.

ADAM AND EVE.—A painted piece of canvass, large enough to make “a drop” for the Adelphi,

has been on a circuit to the provinces—making a little holiday trip across the Channel, and visiting Ireland—and we presume, is to be carried, per waggon, to Scotland forthwith. The artist is a Monsieur Du Bœuf, or some such name, and he has gathered in a whole harvest of sixpences. We had an opportunity to inspect the picture in Liverpool. We should not have considered it worth while to allude to it, but that, to our exceeding regret, we find some of the country newspapers trumpeting its praise—which the owner, and we presume the producer, has taken especial care to echo by means of a mass of hand-bills, wherever he puts up his show for the time being. The work represents Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, after the fall. It is a most villainous production, painted in imitation of japanned tea-boards, without the smallest merit in conception to redeem its utter poverty of execution. Unfortunately it causes a far greater evil than that which arises from a diminution of the public revenue; if this were the only mischief it produced, we should say nothing about it; it depraves the public taste, and postpones the appreciation of what is good and true in art.

THE LATE G. CHAMBERS.—We lament to record the death of this able artist. He died, we understand, of consumption. We shall next month be enabled to publish some particulars connected with his "life's history."

EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.—Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Landseer's health is rapidly improving; and that he will, ere long, return to the country and profession—of which he is so distinguished an ornament. He is, at present, residing in the neighbourhood of Geneva.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.—The latest accounts from Sir David were dated at Vienna; it is more than likely he is now at Constantinople, where he will probably sojourn for some months; his path into Egypt being stayed by armed hosts. Mr. John Lewis is at present in Constantinople.

NEW ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.—We must content ourselves, this month, with referring our readers to the advertisement of the Association, which we received too late in the month to comment upon it at any length.

CATLIN'S EXHIBITION.—We strongly recommend all artists and lovers of the arts, to attend one of Mr. Catlin's Monday evening lectures, at the Egyptian Hall. Finer subjects for the pencil can scarcely be imagined than these aborigines of North America, whom he pictures "in their habits as they lived"—as they lived, we may well say; for European vices, wilfully and deliberately introduced among them, are rapidly dismissing them from the face of the earth. To Mr. Catlin's wonderful collection of portraits of the Indians, with pictures of their customs, amusements, &c., we have already endeavoured to do justice. He has lately, however, introduced into his exhibition a very great improvement; and to illustrate his lectures, he dresses up a number of men and women—in the actual garbs of the natives—whose modes of life he is thus enabled to explain and illustrate more clearly. A more gratifying or more useful exhibition has never been seen in the metropolis.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.—Wishing to testify to the obligations conferred on British Artists by the Society, Mr. Thomas Fairland has liberally offered to lithograph any one of the paintings chosen by the prize-holders of last year, and to present it to the Committee, to be used in any way which they may think most likely to advance the interests of the Art-Union. It is to be hoped this praiseworthy example will be followed by other artists. We would suggest to any who might be willing to act upon it, that an appropriate vignette for the Society's prospectus

and reports, designed by one artist, and perhaps cut on wood by another, would be an appropriate and useful offering. Subscriptions, we are glad to find, are beginning to flow in.

ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society held their first *conversazione* this season on the 3rd of November, when many admirers of Art were present. We regretted to observe but few members of the Institute (and of consequence few of the leading architects); for although we feel fully the increased advantages which would result from an union of the two bodies—and, furthermore, know that the "Society" have hardly met the overtures made by the "Institute" with that degree of deference which might have been looked for; still we do think, that so long as they continue to act with effect in the same cause, although separately, the members of each should endeavour to assist the other to the utmost of their power. We hope before long to see all minor difficulties vanish, and hail the establishment of a more powerful Institute by the enrolment in its lists of the members of the Architectural Society. On the evening referred to, the President, Mr. Tite, read an able paper on Bitumens, wherein he shewed the antiquity of their use as building materials, and enforced their claims for employment in the present time. The drawings for the new Royal Exchange, as determined on, were exhibited; and while we are compelled to say, without the slightest reproach to their clever author, that the building will not be of that high character as a design which its purpose and its place loudly call for, we cannot but applaud the liberality which led him to subject them to public criticism, without being of necessity called upon so to do.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE.—We borrow, from the *Spectator*, a few remarks, in the justice of which we fully agree with our able and excellent contemporary:

"Mr. Griffith, of Norwood, has been presented, by a party of artists, with a superb piece of plate, as a testimonial of his valuable and disinterested services in promoting their interests, by negotiating the sale of their works. The compliment is well-deserved; for Mr. Griffith devotes his time and attention, during the season, to the humble and not always gracious office of agent for the disposal of water-colour drawings—prompted by his love for art and a desire to benefit artists; receiving a commission only sufficient to pay his expenses, and to prevent any sense of obligation on the part of those who avail themselves of his arrangements. Purchasers, instead of going round to the different artists, call at Mr. Griffith's rooms, in Waterloo-place, and selecting from his portfolios such drawings as they like, paying the price fixed by the artist, who receives the amount minus the commission. Nor is the doing away of the *ad libitum* profits of the dealer the only benefit arising from this plan. Mr. Griffith is an amateur of taste and judgment, as well as a man of business; and he can receive and convey to artists the wishes and opinions of purchasers, acting as mediator between two parties, where the intervention of a third person, in whom both can place perfect confidence, is desirable. That the producers of water-colour drawings duly appreciate these advantages, is proved by the circumstance that twenty-one of the number who have experienced them, are subscribers to this handsome present; and among the names are those of Messrs. Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, Harding, and Fielding. The plate, a Tazza of elegant design, bears the following inscription—"To Thomas Griffith, Esq., this is presented, as a token of sincere personal esteem, and as a tribute of gratitude for his zealous and most effective services in the cause of art."

We may add a note upon the subject, from "our own correspondent":—

This gentleman is indeed Art's true friend and patron; that he is so is fortunate for the art—the British art of painting in water-colours; nor less so for our artists themselves generally, who have found one who has not only encouraged their exertions for many years, and possessed himself

of a magnificent collection of their works, but who has also, for some three or four years last past, employed the leisure which his fortune affords in endeavouring to extend the love for an Art he has so long appreciated, by establishing himself, during the London season, in Waterloo-place, to aid our artists in the dissemination of their works; and whilst he serves them, he also assists their admirers to possess themselves of the best specimens of their talents. This plan of his has been attended by another, and no less beneficial result; for through the aid of this gentleman the painter has had the agreeable satisfaction of knowing that his patron has been able to gratify his taste, without any check from those delicate feelings which ever operate between the artist and his patron in the commerce of Art.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'ART-UNION.'

MATTOO VARNISH.

SIR,—In answer to the inquiry made in "The Art Union" for October, by a "Picture Restorer," I beg to inform him that Mattoo Varnish is prepared *only* by Garden, operative chemist, Oxford-street (a few doors from the Pantheon), London. He imported it, I believe, from the East Indies. Of the precise nature of the gum whereof this varnish is composed, I am not acquainted; but, doubtless, an application made by letter or otherwise to Mr. Garden, would produce the information sought for by your correspondent.

I conceive that the reason why this varnish has not superseded every other kind, for picture purposes, is—

1st. That it does not make macgillup very readily; 2nd. That it *antipathizes* with mastic varnish, and cannot, therefore, be used on a picture painted in with macgillup made with mastic varnish and drying oil; and

3rd. That the able chemist by whom it was imported, did not exert himself to bring it before the public. This fact will sufficiently account for its being so little known in colour-shops.

Many years experience of its good qualities justifies me in saying, that in none of my pictures, varnished with mattoo, have I discovered the slightest cracking (though some of them have been done these eight years), neither have they become yellow. And during the whole of this period, I have never known it to chill or bloom on a picture, or the surface to be tarnished; and I feel confident that, in the hands of "A Picture Restorer," provided he first remove the mastic or copal varnish with which his pictures have been covered, it will sustain the character I have here given to it.

I am, Sir, A STUDENT,

GOTHIC TASTE.

MR. EDITOR,—Being desirous to see the improvements in my parish church recently executed, how can I refrain from expressing my grief at viewing the east window in St. George's, Hanover-square. Of all the absurdities of modern times, that of introducing a Gothic painted window into a Roman Church is the greatest. This certainly appears more like the work of an auctioneer than an architect. In such an aristocratic parish, where the names of so many illustrious personages are recorded as churchwardens, it is mortifying to witness the degeneracy of taste in their successors, who have sanctioned such an introduction.

At Windsor, in St. George's Chapel, George III. fell into the error of introducing a style of glass painting discordant, and thus destroying the fine tracery of the ancient Gothic windows.

In this instance a better feeling is abroad, as at Windsor, I hear, the Dean and Chapter contemplate reinstating the Gothic character of their windows, thus to harmonize with the remainder of their edifice.—Yours, &c.

[We are compelled to postpone the publication of a valuable letter, commenting on the Edinburgh review of the Translation of "Goethe's Doctrine of Colours," which we shall print next month.]

REVIEWS.

THE ANNUALS.

These winter flowers are, once more, blooming on our table; age may have somewhat "withered them," and custom staled their "infinite variety;" but they have still many claims to the public favour they have so long enjoyed. They come at a dull season; when November fogs are over and around us, and when "books and friends," of loftier import, are both away. They give employment, moreover, to a large number of persons; and, but for them, many of our engravings would be nearly, if not altogether, without occupation.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

We commence with the parent of the whole stock; and which, we believe, now numbers twenty years; reminding us, very alarmingly, that we are ourselves growing aged: for well do we remember the book, in its pretty green case, in the days of its childhood. The work has been always well-conducted; Messrs. Ackermann have not made the occasional efforts that others have: but their annual has been uniformly good: and it is in no way surprising that it has survived a large proportion of its rivals-imitative. The same sensible and intelligent editor, too, presides over its destinies. We have here the usual variety of tales and poems: but little to burthen the mind, and nothing to oppress it: it is a cheerful and pleasant volume in all respects. Among the authors are many familiar names—none that startle us with wonder to find them there, as in the "good old times," when publishers were guilty of "bribery and corruption," to induce great men to acknowledge themselves contributors to annuals; but the whole of the literary contents of the "Forget Me Not" are interesting and agreeable—some portion being of very high merit. The illustrations, too, are entitled to praise; here is a pretty village lass, with her basket of flowers—roses, and pansies, and meadow-sweet—pictured by Mr. Parris; here, a knight arming for the battle-field—a fine composition by George Catermole; here, a very pretty composition, entitled 'the Wife of Sir Walter Raleigh,' by J. Penstone—an artist with whose name we are not acquainted; here, the 'Interior of a Country Cottage,' by Kidd—"the first-born"—babe, puppy, and kitten, prides and glories of their several mammas; here, a pretty piece—"The Parted"—by Miss Fanny Corbux; and here, 'The Widow and her Orphan-boy'—most miscalled 'Florence' by E. Duncan. There are others not so striking—but none of them are bad; and they have been, for the most part, engraved in a very satisfactory manner. The "Forget Me Not" is evidently in a healthy condition; and its life, for many years to come, may be safely insured at a very small premium.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

Of this work we may also speak in nearly the same terms; it is not quite so old, and not quite so vigorous as the "Forget Me Not;" but it is a pretty and agreeable volume, and maintains the fair character it has always had. Among its contributors are the welcome names of Mrs. Erskine Norton (sister-in-law of the Mrs. Norton), Allan Cunningham, Dr. Taylor, J. A. St. John, Thomas Miller, and T. K. Hervey; together with 'A Sketch from Nature,' by W. Etty, R.A.—a striking, though painful picture. The frontispiece is engraved after a painting by J. R. Herbert. The landscapes please us better than the historical subjects. Of the former there is a charming print from 'The Happy Valley,' by H. Warren; and another of 'Constantinople,' after Bentley.

THE JUVENILE ALBUM.

A work for the young, issued by Messrs.

Ackermann; illustrated by engravings after the pencil, and from the burin, of Mr. T. Woolnoth, whose reputation as an artist is deservedly high. They are admirably suited for the purpose intended—representing childhood in its various stages, from the babe, over which a noble dog is keeping guard, to the "return home" of the young maiden, who has paid her first visit abroad. Of the accompanying stories, by Mrs. Lee, we cannot say much; they are heavy and uninteresting. The book is in quarto, and the prints of a large size.

FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.

To poor L. E. L. has succeeded Mrs. Howitt—few are more worthy to occupy the place she left vacant; here is a large volume of good poetry—sufficient employment for a whole year. The compositions are, in general, very graceful, and very vigorous: any one of them would, a few years ago, have made a reputation. In this anti-poetic age it is probable that few of them will be read; the book being sought for chiefly for the two score of prints bound up with the poems. The prints have all, we believe, been published before their appearance here: some of them we recognise as illustrations to Mr. Hall's 'Book of Gems'; but none of them are much the worse for wear; they have been judiciously selected; and it would have been impossible to have given so many new embellishments for less than double the price of the publication. It is, indeed, a "scrap-book;" and, as a drawing-room companion, we prefer it to the larger majority of the annual class. The binding is very tasteful, although rich; altogether it deserves the extensive patronage it has received since Miss Landon, long ago, commenced it; and which she always regarded as her especial favourite.

VIEILLES D'HIVER. SIMPLE RECITS ET SIMPLE CHANTS.

This also is one of Mr. Fisher's publications; containing a republication of popular prints, with stories and poems in French. It is well designed as a present to the young student, who may be wiled into the paths of learning by so agreeable a guide.

THE JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.

Another rechauffé by the same publisher, and of a similar character, but intended exclusively for the perusal of the young. There are sixteen good engravings, neatly bound together, with a variety of stories, poems, and descriptive sketches, by the pen of Mrs. Ellis, author of a work that has obtained a very large circulation entitled 'The Women of England.' Her juvenile book is carefully executed; and cannot fail to interest and inform the readers for whom it is intended. A prettier or more useful volume for youth—at a season when the good old Christmas custom is to be remembered—it would be difficult to find, even in these days, when the press, supplies its loads of intellectual food for children; some of it indeed very indigestible, and some highly deleterious.

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX.

We cannot like this work; a series of designs by F. P. Stephanoff profess to illustrate Village Life, but without approaching to truth, and being as far from recalling "the country" as the tea gardens at Pentonville. They are, indeed, the lads and lasses of the stage; such as dance round Justice Woodcock in the play, and are tricked out by the property-men with crooks and wheat-sheaves, to be returned when done with; but are about as near to the realities as the dog-star is to our earth; turn for example to the gleaner-group, a mama of the most aristocratic sort, and a young maiden that would charm at Almack's; or, a little farther on, to

"the village amanuensis," a wiskered gentleman sitting in an easy chair at a cloth-covered table, upon which his lily-white handkerchief rests; a vase of flowers in his window, and pictures hanging round his room; his sporting dog lies at his feet; his shirt-collar is thrown negligently open; he is evidently a dandy of the first water, just arrived in "the village" from Bond-street in his own carriage; and if he is writing any thing for the poor young woman who stands beside him, it is a receipt for her papa's rent. These two are not unfair samples of the whole. As a collection of prints they are pleasant and pretty; but as tableaux of village life, they are ridiculous in the extreme. Miss Mitford has accompanied them with some agreeable stories; but she has already made us familiar with every inch of the ground she travels over; and vainly strives to give us something new.

Messrs. Finden are men of sound taste and judgment; and we marvel greatly at their consigning the task of producing these "pictures of village life" to an artist, who, although a man of considerable talent, was almost the last to have been selected for such a purpose.

Mr. CHARLES HEATH has this year produced five annuals—"The Keepsake," the editorship of which has been transferred to the accomplished Countess of Blessington; "The Book of Beauty," which of course remains in the lady's hands; "The Picturesque," descriptive of Belgium; "the Children of the Nobility," and a novelty, good as well as new, "Legends of Venice," illustrated by J. R. Herbert, Esq." To Mr. Charles Heath the public owe a large debt; he has now catered for their amusement and information for a long period; and has no doubt achieved that success to which he is undoubtedly entitled. In the whole range of London publishers there is no man of greater enterprise, nor one who has so strenuously laboured to maintain the reputation he has acquired for good taste and matured judgment.

LEGENDS OF VENICE.

This is one of the most elegant and interesting books of the season; as a work of art, indeed, no production of the year approaches it. It consists of a series of illustrations of Venetian history, engraved by the best artists, from paintings by J. R. Herbert; who has caught the very spirit of the olden time in the most singular and picturesque of European cities. Venice is full of legends; there is not a street, and scarcely a house, unassociated with some singular event, the groundwork of a romance. The letter-press, from the pen of Mr. Roscoe, is not perhaps in thorough keeping with the illustrations; he has dealt with the incident as matters of fact—which, indeed, they are; but he has not permitted sufficient scope to his imagination in depicting scenes that after all seem to appertain more to fancy than to history. Nevertheless, he has done his work well; told the stories with effect; and contrived to place the reader in the gondolas by the silent waters, or in the palaces, whose walls might relate strange tales if they had tongues as well as ears.

Of the eleven plates there is not one of an inferior character; indeed, it would be difficult to quote a history more aptly illustrated; the effect of the publication will be to place the name of Mr. Herbert even higher than it has hitherto stood. 'The Marriage of the Sea' is a vignette—the Bucentaur, the gay gondolas, and the fair ladies, make up the material of the pictured ceremonial; "the Brides of Venice" is a description of the well-known abduction of Venetian maidens by pirates—from whom they were recovered by the bravery of their lovers. In "Marino Faliero," the aged doge imprecating vengeance on the traducers of his young wife, Mr. Herbert has been very successful. It is full of

character and expression. "Bellini and the descendants of the great Dandolo," tells a striking story—the artist, Gentile Bellini, had entered the service of the famous sultan, Mahommed II., which he abandoned in consequence of a singular circumstance. He had to paint a decapitation; and the sultan, in order to afford him the advantage of "copying from the life" (the blunder belongs to Mr. Roscoe), ordered one of his poor slaves to be beheaded in his presence. The painter not relishing the lesson, applied for leave to return to his own country; and on being offered a recompense for his labours, asked for, and obtained the spurs, cuirass, helmet, and sword, of the Great Dandolo, which he bore with him to Venice. The presentation of these relics to the descendants of the doge by the artist is the point selected by Mr. Herbert; and he has made of it an exquisite picture. The fourth picture is of the Doge Foscarini, pronouncing the sentence of exile upon his son, in the presence of the son's wife and child. It is a fine example of character; forcibly and effectually rendered. The next is one of those common incidents in Venetian life—a betrayed husband receiving from his unconscious wife a letter intended for her lover—who lies slain beneath the balcony from which she hands the missive. The next is the most striking and interesting of the series—the musician Ma-la-Morco, playing the harp to a lady believed to be dead; to explain the story would require space; and we will not spoil it by abridging it. It is a fine subject for the drama. The next is also a romantic incident—entitled "The Fatal Curiosity." The next two are of somewhat similar character; the last is a most sweet composition—"Lady Viola and her Tutors;" to which Mr. Roscoe, has done any thing but justice.

The volume altogether is highly satisfactory; it is an attempt—and a successful one—to make the annuals, the medium of communicating better taste and loftier desires. We trust it may be followed by others of the same class.

THE PICTURESQUE ANNUAL. BELGIUM.

Of all the volumes of "the Picturesque" this is undoubtedly the best; it invites the purchaser by its elegant binding—not costly, but in excellent taste. It contains sixteen designs, chiefly taken from the most interesting and important structures in Belgium, with characteristic groups; they are admirably engraved from a series of drawings by Mr. Allom; who has shown a sound judgment in the selection of his subjects. The majority of them are from those ancient edifices which time has consecrated no less than the purpose for which, ages ago, they were erected; but the artist has copied the streets, the quays, the castles, and the palaces, peculiar to the country, or affording fitting topics for the explanatory pencil. None of the continental states are more interesting than Belgium to the English; it has many attractions for them, and they visit it in hosts. They will now have a useful and agreeable guide to its marvels; while, to the public at large, the book will make many of its matters of interest sufficiently familiar without the necessity for a sea voyage. Mr. Roscoe's "history" is clear and satisfactory; somewhat dry, perhaps, but very circumstantial.

"THE CHILDREN OF THE NOBILITY."

The third series of this work is in all respects good; although there is necessarily a want of completeness in the design that must mar its value. The engravings (in stipple, and by the best artists in that style) are from drawings by Mr. Chalon, and are exceedingly satisfactory; for inasmuch as children wear less ornaments than their mamas, the faults of the artist are not so apparent as usual, while his peculiar

abilities are exerted to greater advantage and with greater effect. Childhood is always interesting; these prints may be more especially valuable to the parents and friends of the young scions of nobility, but they are not without their value to the world at large. We should select one of them—a portrait of the daughter of the Earl of Harrington—as one of the sweetest pictures we have ever seen; simple, natural and true; with little or nothing that is meretricious about it. It is accompanied by some graceful lines from the pen of Miss Power.

"THE KEEPSAKE."

The Countess of Blessington managed to make the "Book of Beauty" so much better than "The Keepsake," during the last two or three years, that we are not astonished at Mr. Heath's placing both these annuals under her ladyship's superintendence, though we certainly marvel at the judgment which managed to select from the pile of "nothings," usually sent as contributions to the annuals, a sufficient quantity of "somethings" to make two very entertaining, as well as beautiful volumes. The Keepsake first deserves notice, as the elder sister, stepping forth in gorgeous crimson and gold, well suited to the drawing-room or boudoir of the most "daintie ladie" in the land.

The frontispiece is a rich and speaking portrait of a lovely woman, in Mr. Chalon's better style; the ornaments well chosen and well arranged, so as not to disturb the beauty of the face, or interfere with the dignity of the figure. We have seldom seen any thing we admire more.

Herbert's painful but powerful picture of 'The Signal,' is well engraved by Stocks, and illustrated by one of the best short stories we ever remember reading, from the pen of Harrison Ainsworth. We must confess that we do not think Maclise's illustrations, amongst his happy efforts, though Charles Rolls has imparted considerable depth of colour to 'The Oath.' Maclise depicts the stronger passions better than their repose. Action and energy are his forte; and 'Azim and Shireen' consequently look simply sleepy in their bower of beauty. A very finished specimen of French coquetry will be found under the title of 'the Rivals,' from the pencil of M. Lami. And Mr. Corbould has furnished two very beautiful designs—one engraved by Mr. Heath, the other by Mr. W. Staines. The Lady "who loves and who rides away," it would seem has inspired the author of "The Lion," with a very brilliant tale, called "The Sisters of the Silver Palace." Small as the features must necessarily be in an engraving of such limited size—of the sister who forsakes her home, there is something deeply touching in the expression; and it is well contrasted by the eager look of the lover, who grudges even the short delay of the farewell.

A lovely landscape, by Bentley, 'Morning,' quite refreshing to look upon—clear and bright; it is the only one in the volume, and most exquisitely engraved by Willmore.

The book is of a noble size, and there are contributions in addition to those we have named from the pens of the Lady Edithess, whose "Scenes in the Life of a Young Portrait Painter" are full of interest, Sir E. L. Bulwer, the Hon. E. Phipps, Barry Cornwall, Walter Savage Landor, Sir Hesketh Fleetwood, Mrs. Torrey Holme, Mr. Bernal, Grantley Berkeley, the accomplished Mrs. Maberley, Mrs. Fairlie, Mrs. Abdy, and many others—whose names are frequently in the Court Circular.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

This has always been a favourite book of ours, from the very first; when poor L. E. L. illustrated its pages by some of her sweetest lays and

wildest imaginings. We almost fancy that Lady Blessington bestows more loving pains upon the pages of this, her first annual, than upon those of the splendid "Keepsake." Her Ladyship has, for instance, given it one of the best, if not the very best, stories she ever wrote—"The Old Irish Gentleman," rich in varied character, and with a good moral; and has inserted therein a right pleasant ballad, by Mrs. Maberley—a green-wood strain, worthy of its subject, bold Robin Hood. Lady Blessington has also employed the "Book of Beauty" as the means of introducing to the public a new and graceful poet, Miss Power; who, without making her prose, "prose run mad," has depicted with young, fresh feeling, a North American sketch, entitled "Summer and Winter;" which the lovers of nature will read with much pleasure. Lord Powercourt, Mr. D'Israeli, the author of "The Lion," the Chorleys, Miss Garrow, whose song of the "Winter Spirits" is worthy of being noted by the inspired musician, the Chevalier Neukomm, if he were only here to compose it; and a number of really very exquisite things, make this volume not merely beautiful to look at, but pleasant and profitable to read. Her Majesty, in her nuptial dress, graces the first page; and a lovely bride she looks. A speaking likeness of the tournament's Queen succeeds—very beautiful, in truth, and very like. Chalon's 'Duchess of Beaufort' is a wonderful portraiture of fur and lace, with enough of gorgeous finery to dress ten ladies for a birth-day. The very delight, will this picture be, of all the demoiselles who love "gay dressing."

Perhaps the gem of the book is a most lovely profile of the 'Marchioness of Douro'—from the pencil of John Hayter—it is like a fine Cameo—another touch would have spoilt it—it is worth in real beauty the price of the volume. 'The Lady Dungarvan' is another charming portraiture by the same; and Chalon's 'Mrs. Edward Ellis;' and the 'Hon. Mrs. Stanley,' are worthy of all praise—the latter is simply beautiful, and shews how well this artist depicts nature when he ceases to be a fashionist.

Mrs. D'Israeli's portrait, also by Mr. Chalon, was, we suppose, painted some years ago—it is beautifully engraved by Mote.

As a composition, the portrait of 'Miss Tyndal,' by Mrs. Hawkins, is simple and graceful.

We had nearly forgotten the sweet little Vignette painted by Cox, engraved by Radclyffe. We must conclude this brief notice by stating that the binding is *chaste* and rich, with less of ornament than the last—and altogether it is a book deserving the extensive circulation it enjoys.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An accident has prevented our noticing the Birmingham Exhibition this month; it is highly satisfactory, and contains 525 works of Art.

We beg to apologize to "Correspondents," for postponing "answers" until our next.

We must be in arrears with the publishers of several works that have been transmitted to us for review.

BRISTOL.—Some competent correspondent may be able to answer the question put to us from Bristol. "The Society of Artists are about to close their exhibition of pictures, and also to arrange the drawing of the Art Union. The plan adopted last year for drawing the tickets was very unsatisfactory to the subscribers; the Committee are, therefore, anxious to try the London method, but are at a loss to know what kind of machine or plan is made use of. Thinking you may have been a subscriber, it would be in your power to describe the method by which you drew your ticket, and enable us to apply the same."

MADAME TUSSAUD'S

SPLENDID ADDITION.—Her Majesty the Queen, in her Magnificent Nuptial Dress of Honiton Point Lace, by Miss Bidney, Manufacturer of the whole of the Lace for her Majesty's Bridal Dress; and Prince Albert, in his Field Marshal's Uniform; with the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

Exhibition, Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman-square.—Admittance, One Shilling.—Open from Eleven till Dusk, and from Seven till Ten.

OXFORD MEMORIAL OF CRANMER, RIDLEY, AND LATIMER.

Just published,

A PRINT of the OXFORD MEMORIAL of the MARTYRED PRELATES; engraved in the new style of Lithography, with Raised Lights. Size of the Plate 18 inches by 12 inches.

Price—Proofs 10s.; Prints 5s.

Published by James Wyatt and Son, Oxford; Hodgson and Graves, London.

Just published,

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DOCTOR WHITE, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Engraved by C. E. Wagstaff, Esq., from a full length Picture painted by Henry Inman, Esq., of New York. Size of the Engraving 22 inches by 17. Price of Proofs, £2 12s. 6d.; Prints, £1 11s. 6d.

Ackermann and Co., London; C. N. Robinson, Philadelphia.

This day is published, in 4to., price 16s., coloured, and 12s., plain, cloth lettered,

SHOP FRONTS OF LONDON, THEIR CONSTRUCTION AND DECORATION; illustrated with eighteen highly-coloured engravings, exhibiting the varied styles of the present period. For the use of Builders, Carpenters, Shopkeepers, &c. &c. By N. WHITTOCK.

London: Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-row.

NEW WORK BY MISS PARDOE.

This day is published, in Three Volumes, cloth, price £1 11s. 6d., with Engravings,

THE CITY OF THE MAGYAR; or, Hungary and her Institutions in 1839—40. By Miss PARDOE, Author of "The City of the Sultan," "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," &c.

London: George Virtue, Ivy-lane.

NEW WORK BY MR. WILLIS.

Now ready, with Ten fine Engravings, and a Portrait of the Author, engraved by Lewis, after a Painting by Lawrence, in neat cloth, with gilt leaves, price £1.

LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE, AND POEMS. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq., Author of "Pencilings by the Way," "Ink-lings of Adventure," "Loiterings of Travel," &c.

London: George Virtue, and all Booksellers.

Now ready,

THE PORTRAIT OF HER GRACE THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT, engraved in Mezzotint by W. HUMPHREYS, from the Original Picture painted by FRANCIS GRANT, Esq., in the possession of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

Price to Subscribers,—Proofs with Autograph, £1 1s.

London: Published by Hodgson and Graves, Printers and Publishers by Special Appointment to Her Majesty, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, 6, Pall-Mall.

Nearly ready. In one elegant Volume, post 8vo., with Vignette Title-page [This Work is kept by the Publishers in a great variety of neat and elegant bindings, suitable for Presents.]

THE ENGLISH HELICON, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY; being a Collection of the most beautiful from amongst the large body of Fugitive Poems which the Century has produced. Selected and Edited by T. K. HERVEY, Esq.

London: A. H. Baily and Co., 83, Cornhill.

This day is published, in 4to., price £4 10s. in French boards, and on Royal Paper, 4to., with Proof Impressions of the Plates, and a Portrait of the Author, price £7 7s.,

A TREATISE ON PAINTING. In Four Parts. Illustrated by ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY ETCHINGS from celebrated Pictures of the Italian, Venetian, Flemish, Dutch, and English Schools; and Woodcuts. By JOHN BURNETT, F.R.S.

The Parts may be had separate.

1. ON THE EDUCATION OF THE EYE in reference to Painting. Price £1 5s.

2. ON COMPOSITION. Fifth Edition. Price 15s. in boards.

3. ON LIGHT AND SHADE. Fourth Edition. Price 18s. in boards.

4. ON COLOUR. Fourth Edition. Price £1 11s. 6d. in boards.

"Burnett's Book is truly excellent throughout; with respect to light and shade and the composition of colour, he is admirable; the pages he has written are unrivalled, and may almost be called the poetry and the practice of colouring."—See British and Foreign Review, April, 1838.

JAMES CARPENTER, Old Bond-street.

DEDICATED BY COMMAND TO HER MAJESTY.

THE LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.H., &c. &c. &c. By W. H. MAXWELL. The whole Work will be completed in Twelve Parts, forming three handsome Volumes, and will contain Portraits of the most distinguished Generals, and representations of some of the most important Battles, together with numerous Plans of Battles, several Maps, and a great number of Wood Engravings, illustrative of European and Eastern Warfare. London: A. H. Baily and Co., 83, Cornhill.

THE JESUIT'S PERSPECTIVE.

In One Volume 4to., with 150 Copper Plates, price £1 11s. 6d.,

PRACTICAL PERSPECTIVE; or, an Easy Method of representing NATURAL OBJECTS according to the RULES of ART, applied and exemplified in all the variety of cases, as Landscapes, Gardens, Buildings, and Figures: a Work highly necessary for Painters, Engravers, Architects, Embroiderers, Statuaries, Jewellers, Tapestry Workers, and all persons concerned in Designing. Translated from the French, by E. CHAMBERS, F.R.S.

London: Printed for Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster-row.

This day is published,

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX, the IRIS OF PROSE, POETRY, AND ART, for 1841. Embellished with Twelve highly-finished Engravings, from original Drawings by J. O. STEPHANOFF, Esq., H. CORBOULD, Esq., &c.; and engraved by W. and E. FINDEN, Esqrs. Edited by MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, Author of "Our Village," &c.

The following Subjects form the Contents of this Volume:—The Harvest Home—The Return from the Fair—The Love Token—The Rustic Toilet—Home—The Stolen Child—The Village Amanuensis—The Abstracted Letter—Morning; or, The Milk Girls—The Hop Gathering—The Gleaner—The Dumb Cake.

Splendidly bound in Morocco, price £2 2s. India proofs, £3 3s.

Black and Armstrong, Foreign Booksellers to Her Majesty and the Queen Dowager, Wellington Street (North), Strand.

Now ready, PART I., Price 2s. 6d.,

IRELAND: ITS SCENERY, CHARACTER, Etc. Etc. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL.

To be continued in Monthly Parts, each to contain Two Engravings of Scenery, upon steel, a Map of a County or District, carefully revised, and collated with the Ordnance Maps; and about 15 beautifully-executed Engravings on Wood.

The reader will be presented with the general results of five several Tours made by the Authors together, in Ireland, since the year 1825 (the latest of which took place during the autumn of the present year), and of a still earlier acquaintance with the country, and the character of its people.

THE ENGRAVINGS will be sufficiently numerous to give every object—from the most important to the most insignificant, that must be considered and treated as peculiar to Ireland—that may serve to illustrate and explain the course through which the traveller passes, and may be better understood by being pictured to the eye as well as the ear. The co-operation of many distinguished Artists has already been obtained.

How and Parsons, 132, Fleet-street.

ACKERMANN'S ANNUALS FOR 1841.

Just published,

FORGET ME NOT, a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present, by eminent living Poets and Novelists, 1841. Containing Engravings by C. and H. Rolls, E. Scriven, Periam, G. Adcock, S. Davenport, Penstone, L. Stocks, G. Bull, from Paintings by E. T. Parris, G. Catermole, E. Corbould, Miss F. Corboux, T. Stewart, S. E. Jones, Stephanoff, Kidd, E. Duncan, Woolmer; and the usual variety of compositions in prose and verse, by G. P. R. James, the Author of "Rattlin the Reefer," Richard Johns, Calder Campbell, Dr. Mackenzie, H. F. Chorley, Charles Swain, J. F. Dalton, the Countess of Blessington, Miss M. A. Browne, Miss Agnes Strickland, Miss Power, Miss Lawrance, Miss Pardoe, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Walker, &c.

Elegantly bound in Maroon Morocco, price 12s.

THE JUVENILE ALBUM; OR, TALES FROM FAR AND NEAR. by Mrs. R. LEE. Illustrated with eight beautiful Steel Engravings, by T. Woolnoth. Demy 4to., handsomely bound, price 10s. 6d.

FIGURE AND FLOWER PAINTING.

Nearly ready, in demy 8vo., handsomely bound, price 10s. 6d.

THE ART OF DRAWING AND PAINTING EXEMPLIFIED, In a Series of Examples of parts of the Human Figure; with Remarks on the Proportions and other causes of Beauty, Character, and Expression; the essentials to be observed in Portraiture, as connected with Likeness, with the action of the Sitter, the choice of Light, and the adaption of Backgrounds; together with the most improved method of Miniature Painting, comprehending the Vehicles best adapted to this style of Painting, the choice and preparation of Ivory, &c. &c. Also will be annexed, the Art of Flower Painting in Outline, in Light and Shade, and Colour, comprehending Single Objects and Groups, with Descriptive Remarks for their Pictorial Arrangement. The whole Illustrated with Twenty Plates. Fac-Similes of the Drawings made expressly for the work. By G. F. PHILIPS, Author of "Coast and River Scenery, and General Landscape Painting," &c. &c. &c. London, A. H. Baily and Co., 83, Cornhill.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

MESSRS. COLNAGHI AND PUCKLE,
PRINTSELLERS TO THE QUEEN,
23, COCKSPUR STREET,

Have the honour to announce, that in the course of the present month, they will have ready for publication, a highly-finished full-length Print of

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

ENGRAVED IN MEZZOTINTO ON STEEL,

BY MR. LUPTON,

From the admirable Portrait painted in March last for the town of Sheffield,

BY H. P. BRIGGS, Esq. R.A.

In announcing the Engraving from this very fine Picture, the Publishers feel justified in stating that, as a likeness of His Grace, it is equalled only by Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated Picture in the Collection of the Right Honourable Charles Arbuthnot, painted in 1823.

PRINTS, £1 1s.

PROOFS, £2 2s.

FIRST PROOFS, £3 3s.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS RECEIVED BY

MESSRS. COLNAGHI AND PUCKLE, 23, COCKSPUR STREET, PRINTSELLERS TO HER MAJESTY,
&c. &c. &c.

THE VERY VALUABLE AND EXTENSIVE LIBRARY OF THE LATE HENRY WREIGHT, ESQ. OF FAVERSHAM.

By Messrs. CHRISTIE and MANSON, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, London, on MONDAY, December 14, and nine following days, commencing each day at half-past 12 o'clock precisely.

(By order of the Executors.)

THE VERY VALUABLE and EXTENSIVE LIBRARY, the formation of which occupied many years of the life of the late HENRY WREIGHT, Esq. of Faversham: Comprising Dugdale's Monasticon, and St. Paul's—Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire, large paper—Hasted's Kent—Lyson's, Grose's, Strutt's, Pennant's, and Dibdin's Works—Les Voyages Pittoresques—Boydell's Shakspeare—Bryant's Dictionary Illustrated—Grainger Illustrated, with numerous rare portraits—The Florence, Munich, Dusseldorf, Le Brun, Luxembourg, Musée, Lucien Buonaparte, Houghton, Stafford, and other galleries—Van Dyck's Heads—Piranesi's Works—The Liber veritatis—Britton's Wild's, Pugin's, Carey's and Cotman's Architectural Works—Lodge's Portraits, India Proofs—Hogarth's Works; and the best Standard Works of Voyages and Travels, History, Poetry, and Belles Lettres, in the finest condition.

May be viewed three days preceding, and Catalogues had.

TO PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

PATENT OIL COLOUR TUBES.—By this improvement the prepared Oil Colour is preserved in Air Tight Glass Tubes, instead of being, as heretofore, enclosed in Bladders, and the many annoyances of Bladder Colours; such as the drying up and skimming of colour, waste, bursting of bladders, unpleasant smell, &c. &c., is avoided.

To be had, Wholesale and Retail, of Winsor and Newton, Artist Colour Manufacturer, 38, Rathbone-place.

ELEGANT AND ORNAMENTED PICTURE FRAMES OF A SUPERIOR DESCRIPTION, WARRANTED TO CLEAN.

C. J. ECKFORD, 45, FLEET-STREET, corner of Mitre-court, Temple, opposite Fetter-lane, begs leave to inform Artists, the Trade, and Public, that they can obtain A LARGE AND CLEAR EXPLANATORY SHEET OF DRAWINGS, with numerous elegant Patterns, the size and prices attached to the various frames, sent gratis and free of postage to any part of the United Kingdom.

Old Frames re-gilt, large and small Miniature Frames at proportionate prices. Fancy wood frames of every description. Orders from the country punctually attended to.

ESTABLISHED 1792.

ELECTROTYPE; or, ELECTROGRAPHY.—Engravers, Book-sellers, and Publishers, furnished with duplicates of their engraved Plates in Copper, of all sizes, either from Copper or Steel originals, by E. PALMER, Philosophical Instrument Maker, 103, Newgate-street, London, where Specimens in great variety may be seen.

POTTS' PATENT PICTURE RAIL MOULDING AND APPARATUS FOR SUSPENDING PICTURES.—The object of the Patentee (in which he has completely succeeded) was to establish a convenient system for hanging Pictures, uniting cheapness, elegance, and utility. The Rail can be adapted as the bottom member of the cornice, and saves the expense of a gilt moulding; it will carry the largest Pictures without the least inflection, and can easily be fixed up in any room even after decoration, without damage to the walls.

The Public is invited to inspect specimens, which may be seen daily at 17, King William-street, West Strand.

SPLENDID AND SUPERIOR GILT FRAMES.

CHARLES McLEAN, 78, Fleet-street (opposite THE DISPATCH Newspaper office), respectfully informs the Public, Artists, and the Trade, that they can be supplied with PICTURE FRAMES, of the very best manufacture, at prices never hitherto attempted.

A LARGE SHEET OF DRAWINGS, representing the exact patterns and prices of one hundred different sized frames, ornamented with designs, made expressly for this Manufactory, may be had gratis, and sent free of postage to any part of the kingdom. The Trade supplied with Frames in the Compo. Fancy-wood Frames and Mouldings. Old Frames repaired and re-gilt.

An extensive Stock kept seasoned for immediate delivery.—All goods taken back, not approved of in three months.

NEW VEHICLE FOR OIL PAINTING.

UNCTION MCGUYLP.

It has long been greatly desired by fine Colourists to obtain some Vehicle of a superior quality, and of different properties from the common articles now in use,—to blend with their colours, to give them greater mellowness and ripeness. With the greatest confidence, this Unguent is offered as a valuable discovery and substitute. This Vehicle is made from the most simple materials: it is a good drier; is warranted to stand well; and is safely recommended to be used with Oil Colours to give them a richer texture. Fulness of Colour and Crispness, avoiding the poverty and thinness of mere Oil, the greasy qualities of Gumtion, or the disagreeable horny appearance of the McGuylp, that is made of Boiled Oil and Mastic Varnish.

Sold by CHARLES ROBERSON, Artists' Colourman, 51, Long Acre, London.

MESSRS. HODGSON AND GRAVES,

HER MAJESTY'S Printsellers and Publishers, have the honour to announce that they will shortly publish

THE HIGHLAND DROVERS DEPARTING FOR THE SOUTH;

Exquisitely engraved by J. H. WATT, Esq., from the original picture by EDWIN LANDSEER, Esq. R.A.

"The scene is laid in the Grampians; a long winding line of cattle, on their way to the South, are descending by a picturesque road; an old Highlander has come to the door of his cottage, and sits helpless and gazing, like one doomed never to head a drove again; friend is bidding farewell to friend—parting cups are filling and emptying—parting words of love or of business are uttering—dogs are gamboling—the very cattle seem conscious of what is passing, and are gathered here and there into groups equally natural and picturesque. Words cannot convey a sense of the glory of colours, nor do justice to the expression of the pencil."—*Athenaeum*.

Present price to Subscribers, Prints, £3 3s.; Proofs, £6 6s.; India Proofs, £10 10s.; Before Letters, £12 12s.; to be increased on publication to—Prints, £4 4s.; Proofs, £8 8s.; India Proofs, £12 12s.; Before Letters, £16 16s.

DEDICATED TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD AND LADY EVELYN GOWER.

Engraving in the most exquisite manner by SAMUEL COUSINS, A.R.A., from the very beautiful picture painted by EDWIN LANDSEER, Esq. R.A.; for HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

Price to Subscribers: Prints . . £2 2s.; Proofs . . £4 4s.; India Proofs . . £6 6s.; Before Letters . . £8 8s.

THE CHILDREN WITH RABBITS.

Engraving in the finest style of Mezzotinto by THOMAS LANDSEER, Esq., from the very interesting picture painted, for the HON. MRS. BATHURST, BY EDWIN LANDSEER, ESQ., R.A.

Price to Subscribers: Prints . . . £2 2s.; Proofs . . . £4 4s.; Before Letters . . . £6 6s.

NOW READY,

THE AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

In his Official Costume as Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

Beautifully engraved in Mezzotinto by G. H. PHILLIPS, from the original picture painted in March last, by R. P. BRIGGS, Esq., R.A., for THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELTON.

"With a celerity as great as its execution is perfect, the last Portrait of His Grace has just been published. It is in every way worthy of the illustrious Duke, and must be the decided favourite with all the members of the University. Mr. Phillips's engraving possesses great delicacy and finish, and is marked by a mellowness and richness of tone, and a degree of breadth in the general treatment, which will give it a high place amongst modern works of art."—*Herald*.

"Of all the portraits of the Duke, we know of none which, for fidelity of expression, or beauty of execution, can at all be compared to this; it is absolutely a personification of nature—it is the Duke himself. The artists, as if inspired by the subject, and well they might be, have quite gone beyond themselves, and produced one of the finest works of art of the kind we ever remember. To each member of the University the present engraving will be a most valuable acquisition."—*Argus*.

Price to Subscribers: First Proofs . . . £6 6s. Proofs . . . £4 4s. Prints . . . £2 2s.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

ZUMALACARREGUI AND THE CHRISTINO SPY.

Engraving in the finest style of Mezzotinto by C. G. LEWIS, from the very beautiful original drawing painted by J. F. LEWIS, Esq.

"We cannot withhold our admiration of this performance as a Work of Art; and as the illustration of a romantic adventure, we find pleasure in its pictorial character; it is no tale of fiction or of a former time, but one of the present period, and, we fear, of frequent occurrence."—*Literary Gazette*.

Price to Subscribers: Prints . . . £3 3s. Proofs . . . £5 5s. Before Letters . . . £6 6s.

NEARLY READY,

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

Engraving in Mezzotinto by JOHN BURNET, Esq., from the original Picture painted by himself.

Prints . . . £3 3s. Proofs . . . £5 5s. Proofs before Letters . . . £8 8s.

THE WATERLOO HEROES, COMMEMORATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.

Painted by J. P. KNIGHT, Esq., A.R.A.; Engraving in Mezzotinto by F. BROMLEY.

Prints, £3 3s. Proofs, £5 5s. Proofs before Letters, £8 8s.

LONDON: HODGSON & GRAVES, PRINTSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, 6, PALL-MALL.



UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF

His Royal Highness Prince Albert. NEW ASSOCIATION

FOR THE

PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND

ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

COMMITTEE FOR 1840-41.

THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD PROVOST.
EAGLE HENDERSON, Esq., Coates Crescent.
W. H. LIZARS, Esq.
C. H. TAIT, Esq.
JOHN LEARMONTH, Esq., of Dean.
J. G. HOPKIRK, Esq.
CAPTAIN D. BOSWALL, R.N.
CAPTAIN WILLIAM WILKIE.

G. L. FINLAY, Esq., 130, George Street.
DR. ANDREW FYFE, George Square.
WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq., Great King Street.
JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq., Pitt Street.
DAVID WYLIE, Esq., Warriston Crescent.
JOHN WHITEFOORD MACKENZIE, Esq.
GEORGE FARQUHARSON, Esq.
WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Esq.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE PLAN:—

- I. That the Subscriptions be One Guinea each Share.
- II. That the whole of the sum subscribed up to the month of February next (when the Subscriptions close), after setting apart a sum for Engraving and necessary expenses, will be divided into Large and Small Prizes, and drawn for during the second week after the opening of the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition; after which, each Prizeholder will be entitled to select a Picture, or other Work of Art, from either the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, or that of the Edinburgh Society of Artists, then open in Edinburgh, to the amount of his Prize.
- III. That all sums collected during the present year will be lodged in the National Bank of Scotland, in the name of the Treasurer.
- IV. For the convenience of Subscribers residing at a distance, and who may not have friends in Edinburgh to whom to delegate their choice, a Sub-Committee, consisting of Gentlemen of acknowledged taste, is appointed to select Pictures for and otherwise comply with the wishes of, the Prizeholders thus situated; and the Committee will proceed to make purchases for such of the Prizeholders as shall not have themselves selected Pictures within one week of the closing of the Exhibitions.
- V. The Committee retain to themselves the power of selecting any Picture, purchased by a Prize-holder, for the purpose of Engraving for the Subscribers for the next year.

- VI. The Committee, acting upon the suggestion made at the General Meeting, have purchased of WM. ALLAN, Esq., P.R.S.A. and R.A., his beautiful Picture of the 'Widow,' for the purpose of Engraving for the Subscribers of 1840 and 1841.
- VII. The Picture (with Mr. Allan's approval) has been placed in the hands of ROBERT BELL, Esq., for the purpose of being Engraved in Line on Steel, in the first style; and Mr. A. has kindly offered to superintend the Engraving, which Mr. Bell is bound to have finished within twelve months. The size of the Engraving will be 15½ by 13 inches.
- VIII. Each Subscriber will be entitled to a Copy of the Engraving; and a Subscriber for Two Shares will be entitled to One Proof. Subscribers for Five Shares will be entitled to Two Proofs and One Print. The Engraving will be on a Steel Plate, so that every Subscriber will be certain of a good Impression.

JOHN LEARMONTH, Esq., of Dean, Treasurer.
S. HUMBLE, Secretary.

THE FOLLOWING ARE A FEW OF THE ADVANTAGES THE NEW ASSOCIATION POSSESSES OVER EVERY OTHER SCHEME.

- 1st, It is conducted at the least possible expense, so as to allow, as nearly as can be, the whole sum to be divided into Prizes. As soon as the Drawing has taken place, each Prizeholder feels himself in the independent situation of a private purchaser.
- 2ndly, It has the desirable effect of restoring public encouragement to a healthy state, by inducing the Artist to rely on his own talents alone for distinction and reward, instead of stooping to pay court to a Committee of Management, in order to propitiate a selection in his favour. It has, no doubt, been elsewhere asserted that "It is absolutely necessary a few master-minds should direct, whilst the public provide the means;" but as such a plan is known to admit of favouritism, the object of the present scheme is to do away with all improper influence, by giving to every one a fair chance to the value of his

Subscription, and an equal interest in forwarding the Arts with the rest of the members.

The New Association also allow their Prizeholders to purchase Pictures by English Artists, exhibited in either of the Exhibitions, which has the good effect of encouraging them to send Pictures to Edinburgh, by which means their Scottish brethren are enabled to judge of the state of the Arts in England. And Lastly, For the convenience of Subscribers residing at a distance, a Committee is appointed, consisting of men of acknowledged taste, to select for and comply with the wishes of the Prizeholder thus situated. In short, the sole object of this Association is to direct public encouragement into a channel which cannot be turned to partial or selfish purposes, but which shall do the greatest possible good to the Arts, and, at the same time, equal justice to both Artists and Subscribers.

PROOFS of the ETCHING of the WIDOW, from the Picture by WM. ALLAN, Esq., P.R.S.A. and R.A., may be seen at Messrs. HODGSON and GRAVES', 6, Pall-mall; Messrs. REEVES and SON'S, 150, Cheapside; Mr. C. ROBERSON'S, Long-acre; Mr. JOSEPH THOMAS, 1, Finch-lane; and Mr. J. G. FENNEL, 20, Queen's-row, Walworth; by all of whom Subscriptions will be received; and by the Hon. Secretaries in the Provincial Towns both in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Persons wishing to Subscribe in any Town where there is not an Agent appointed, by enclosing the amount of their Subscriptions to the Secretary in Edinburgh, will have their Ticket sent them by return of post; and any Gentleman wishing to act as Hon. Provincial Secretary, is requested to communicate the same to the Secretary, giving a reference as to his respectability.